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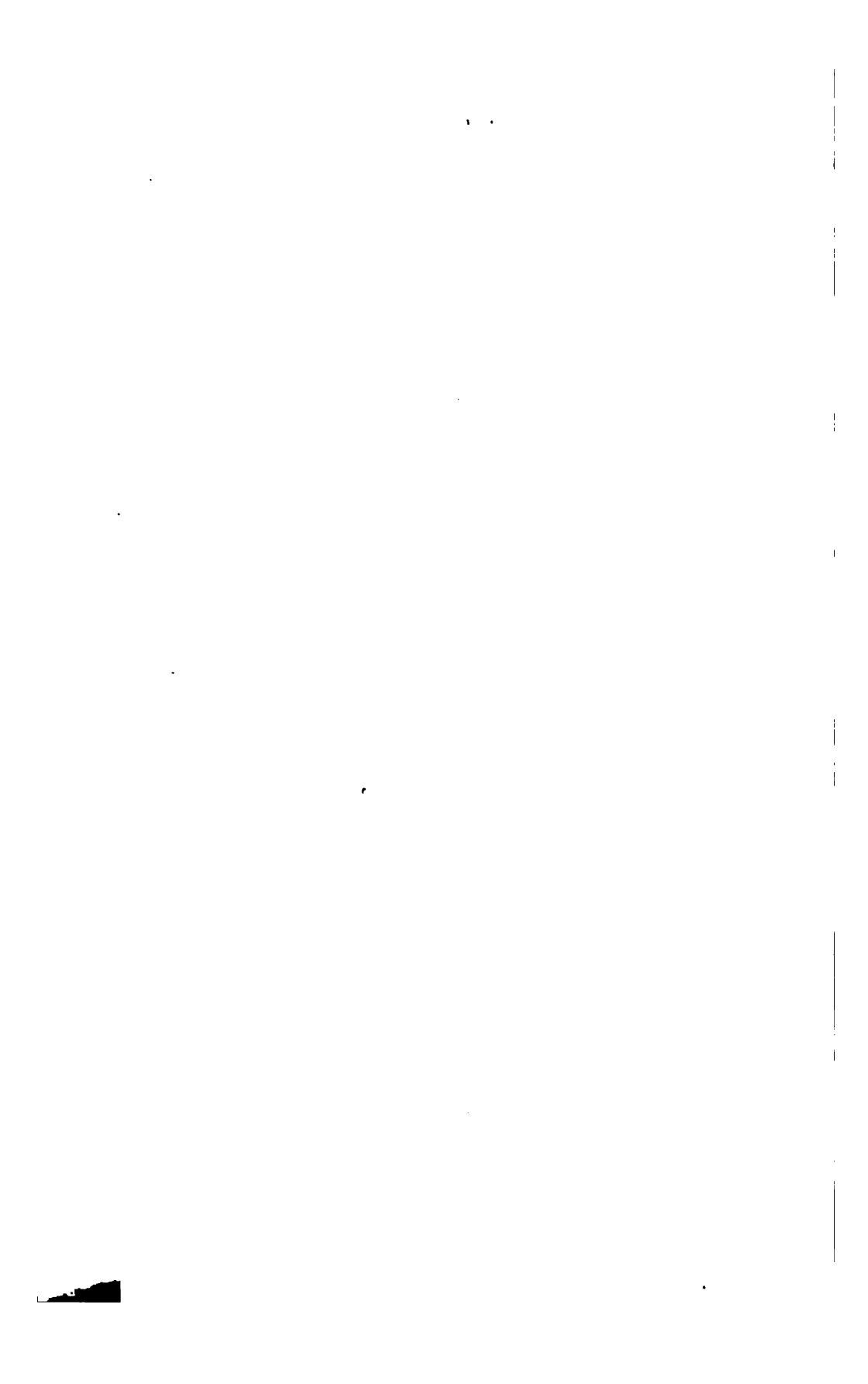
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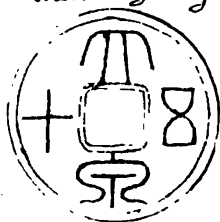
**THE PROVINCES OF
WESTERN CHINA.**

Dedicated to
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AND
Mrs. LITTLE,
THE PIONEERS OF STEAM NAVIGATION
IN
WESTERN CHINA.

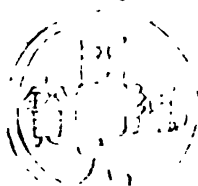


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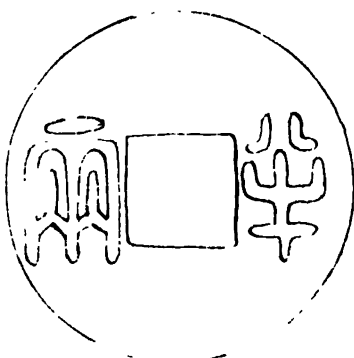
Han dynasty



Kai-yuen

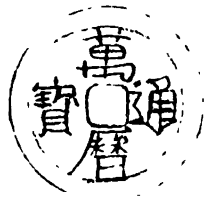


ounce



half

Wan-lih



A.D. 1573-1620

Yung-ching



A.D. 1723-1726

CHINESE COINS

The Provinces of Western China

DESCRIBED BY

MRS. PRUEN

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE ISLAND OF PU-DOO, AND THE FIRST IMAGE OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY ..	9
II. YANG-CHOW, THE GRAND CANAL, AND MARCO POLO	15
III. NAN-KING ; AND THE AVENUE OF STATUES	24
IV. GAN-KING ; AND THE VARIOUS MANDARINS	29
V. I-CHANG ; SHA-SZ ; AND THE HEROES OF THE HAN DYNASTY	33
VI. THE GORGES OF WESTERN CHINA ..	41
VII. THE PROVINCE OF SZ-CHUAN ; AND THE CITY OF CHUNG-KING	49
VIII. THE MIN RIVER	58
IX. CHEN-TOO ; AND THE EMBASSY FROM NEPAUL	64
X. AN AEROLITE ; HISTORY OF MANCHU GAR- RISONS ; AND THE DESCRIPTION OF A FUNERAL	71
XI. MEDICAL MISSION WORK	80
XII. A PASS ; A TEMPLE ; AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE	85
XIII. TAOIST PRAYER BOOK ; AND CASTING LOTS BEFORE AN IDOL	95
XIV. JOURNEY INTO THE PROVINCE OF KUEI-CHEO	105
XV. THE CITY OF KUEI-YANG ; OPIUM ; AND DOMESTIC SLAVERY	113
XVI. MEDICAL MISSION WORK	118
XVII. THE CITY OF AN-SHUEN ; AND CHINESE " ALL SOULS' DAY "	124
XVIII. THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF CHINA ..	132
XIX. SOCIAL LIFE IN KUEI-YANG	136
XX. SOUTHERN KUEI-CHEO ; AND THE PROVINCE OF KWANG-SI	142
XXI. CHRISTIAN MARTYRS ; AND ABORIGINAL FESTIVAL	149

CONTENTS—continued.

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXII. CHINESE WEDDING ; CONGRATULATING AN M.A. ; AND THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S JUBILEE	157
XXIII. RIOT AT SHUEN-CHING ; AND DESCRIPTION OF SALT WELLS	169
XXIV. THE CITY OF PAO-NING ; AND U-MAN-TZ'S REBELLION	176
XXV. MEDICAL MISSION WORK ; AND THE ANCIENT SACRIFICES	182
XXVI. JOURNEY INTO THE PROVINCES OF KAN-SUH AND SHEN-SI	192
XXVII. HEATHEN PRAYING FOR RAIN ; AND MEETING THE SPRING	203
XXVIII. THE BOXER REBELLION	208
XXIX. OPENING A STATION IN NORTHERN KUEI- CHEO	214
XXX. THE PROVINCE OF YUN-NAN ; CHINESE DYNASTIES ; AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE SCRIPTURES	224

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece : Ancient coins.

<i>A Chinese pagoda.</i>	<i>facing p. 29</i>
<i>The " Pioneer " off I-chang</i>	<i>facing p. 33</i>
<i>A wayside bridge</i>	<i>facing p. 37</i>
<i>Bamboo cables laid in position</i>	<i>facing p. 41</i>
<i>A salt junk</i>	<i>facing p. 48</i>
<i>British gunboats on opposite side of the river to Chung-King</i>	<i>facing p. 53</i>
<i>Endless chain wheel for irrigation</i>	<i>facing p. 85</i>
<i>A grave</i>	<i>facing p. 149</i>
<i>Bridge joining Wan Hsien and its suburb</i>	<i>facing p. 171</i>
<i>A river scene in Sz-chuan.</i>	<i>facing p. 197</i>
<i>One of the Gorges.</i>	<i>facing p. 208</i>



The Provinces of Western China.

CHAPTER I

FROM time immemorial Fu-chow and Canton were the seaports from which the Chinese traded with Japan, the islands of the Pacific, and the Malay peninsula ; till, in the Elizabethan age, the Portuguese colony of Macao, near Canton, was made by foreigners the entrance into China until the time of the East India Company, when, in the year 1842, Hongkong was ceded to the British, and became the great seaport for China ; but with the commencement of the twentieth century Shanghai has become the rendezvous of all nations' steamers.

To the women of China, however, the one place of geographical interest is the Chusan Archipelago, off Ningpo, because it contains the island of Pu-doo, where, for a thousand years the Chinese have had their chief temple to the honour of the goddess of Mercy.

The Provinces of

The history of the first temple is that during the reign of their Emperor Tsing-ming, A.D. 907, a Japanese priest was returning from the province of Shan-si, with an image of Kwang-yin, *i.e.*, the goddess of Mercy, to take back to his native country ; but while voyaging near Pu-doo, his junk became entangled in a network of seaweed, and could not proceed until he had prayed as follows : " Is it truly fated that the living multitudes of my country shall be debarred from seeing you, O goddess ! Let it be so then, only show your pleasure and your servant will build his hut wherever it pleases you." Immediately the mass of seaweed opened and the junk moved towards the rocky headland of the Tsiao-ing cave. An inhabitant of the island, whose name was Tsiang, had witnessed the marvellous occurrence, and was so impressed by the devout demeanour of the strange priest, that he thought he had dropped from the skies, and cheerfully gave up his own house to the stranger, who set up a shrine for the image there.

Long afterwards, in 1573, an emperor of the Ming dynasty sent the priests of Kwang-yin an autograph letter giving them permission to take possession of the whole island. Here it should be mentioned that Kwang-yin is usually represented as a woman nursing a young child, and sitting on a pavement of lotus flowers ; further-

Western China.

more, just 200 years before the episode of the Japanese priest's image, the Nestorian Christians had erected a great tablet, still existing, at Hsi-an Fu, in the province just beyond Shan-si, and on that tablet are proclaimed the virtues of the Virgin Mary, leading the writer to believe that this Chinese idol is really an image of the Virgin.

In the Ming Emperor's letter about Kwang-yin occur these words, "She helps mortals to cross the sea of this life and reach the shores of bliss on the opposite side. As to understanding the secrets of her nature, it is like the sea in its vastness, but all those who perform good deeds in secret will be openly rewarded; and they who in the imperial palace ask for happiness will have answer following as rapidly as echo responds to its source."

Images to this goddess are placed in every city of China; and amongst the mountains of the west the walls of idol temples are adorned with bas-reliefs, portraying travellers in sedan chairs being carried up steep mountain paths by coolies, some of whom were helping the others by hauling ropes attached to the front of the chair poles, while above these the goddess was sitting on clouds preserving them from falling over the cliffs; and likewise protecting passengers and sailors on the river junks from being wrecked in the rapids.

The Provinces of

This goddess is worshipped by all ranks of society in China as the great deliverer from misery and difficulties, and constantly by women desirous of having sons.

My visit to the island of Pu-doo was in July, 1878, and our journey from Ning-po to this island took over twenty-four hours in a native sailing boat. On getting in sight of Pu-doo, we saw around us other islands with many of their hills terraced for cultivation. Unable to land at once, as the tide was not in, we had to wait for four hours, when our things were taken on shore in a little boat, and we walked up to the White Flower temple.

The surrounding scenery is indeed beautiful, as every hill-top was covered with trees, but our dwelling apartments had tumbled down roofs, and next morning a snake visited us: they abound on this island, as also chameleons, because the Buddhist priests will not take life.

A few days later I was carried in a chair to the highest peak, nearly 1,200 feet above the sea, and looking down, saw the small bays on either side of the island. Some of the hill-tops had fleecy clouds resting on them, and southwards there was a well-wooded valley; everywhere a delightful stillness, broken only by the sound of waves beating leisurely on the shore. The descent by another route led us past a hermit,

Western China.

who let his long hair hang loose except for a leather band across the forehead. He told us that he intended never to go down the hill again. Lower down there was another hermit, who told us through the small window of his cell that he had been there eight years. Another day, while visiting the lighthouse and a large cave near it, we saw a poor woman kneeling down at the edge of the cave and praying to some unknown deity, perhaps the dragon, to whom she was burning incense.

"Chinese feast of all souls." To-day the priests are having a grand time. They first had a service in this temple, and then went to an ancestral hall, where three tables were laid with all kinds of eatables, the tables having bright-coloured aprons as drapery. The head priest, a young man with a very nice face, knelt down before the central table on a stool covered with blue silk, made a short prayer and bowed three times, touching the ground with his forehead each time, and then repeated the ceremony at the other tables.

This feast is held all over China when, in the evening, paper imitation ingots of silver are burnt, supposing that the offerers are sending money to their relatives in the spirit world: for Satan hath blinded their hearts to believe a lie. When spoken to by an American missionary, the priests

The Provinces of

said, "You are going to heaven by one path, we by another."

On visiting the Hermitage, where formerly they lived in caves but now occupy huts, we saw one recluse who still lives in a cave. He was very dirty-looking, and took no notice of us, but continued kneeling at his devotions, so we passed him and entered into an inner cave, where he sleeps in a chair, never lying down. The earth floor had a damp smell, and he thinks by thus denying himself to gain merit. A priest in this temple has, under the same delusion, burnt off one of his fingers, and the festering wound became so painful that he applied to one of our party for relief, by whom it was properly dressed. We also saw the place for cremation of priests. It is a coffin-shaped cupboard with a large grate beneath it.

Western China.

CHAPTER II

ON leaving the coast for the West of China, the first treaty port to be passed on the Yang-tze Kiang is Chin-kiang, 200 miles from Shanghai, and nine miles north of it is the great city of Yang-chow, which contains 360,000 inhabitants.

Yang-chow is surrounded by a very strong city wall, thirty feet high, which has twelve gates, and is flanked on the eastern side by the Grand Canal. The middle portion of this canal was made from the lakes lying between the old river bed of the Hwang-Ho (Yellow River), and the Yang-tze, as long ago as A.D. 600 ; but its southern continuation to Hang-chow, and its northern continuation to Tong-chow, near Peking, are attributed to the Mongolian emperor Kublai Khan, A.D. 1260-1295. For the last 300 years the canal has been used for transporting revenue rice from all parts of the eighteen provinces to Peking. Its total length is 800 miles.

The city of Yang-chow has the unique experience

The Provinces of

of having had an European governor, for in the year 1260 the Venetian explorer, Marco Polo, settled in China, learnt the language, and became, in state affairs, such a good counsellor to the emperor, that he made Marco Polo governor of the city for three years. Since that time the city has been so famous for the large size of its private residences, and the number of its shops containing costly articles of furniture, adorned with inlaid mother-of-pearl work, that the natives have a saying, "Under heaven there are only three cities, Hang-chow (700,000), Su-chow (500,000), and Yang-chow."*

In October, 1878, I returned to my work here, in the China Inland Mission boarding school for native girls; and soon had the following experiences. A brother of one of the school-girls came to us saying that their mother was dying, and wanted to see his sister. I asked the native pastor if it would be well to go with the child to see her mother, but he said, "On no account, as this brother is an opium smoker, and wants to sell his sister as he tried to do some time ago." Next day another brother came saying, "Don't let my sister leave you, as her mother is not asking for her;" and the following

*The populations here mentioned, and most of the others in this book, are by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., from their "Atlas for China and Japan," 1900.

Western China.

day we found that this was true, as the poor woman had been accidentally burnt to death.

In February, 1879, the only Christian woman in our congregation died. She lived outside the city, where we had visited her that afternoon, and soon afterwards she called her husband, saying, "My pulse is failing, get out my best clothes and put them on me." He replied that the effort would be too much, but she insisted; so they put them on her, and in a short while she passed away. The Chinese are always buried in their best clothes, evidently from a belief in the immortality of the soul. Her husband was an opium smoker and the only other relative we knew, a grown-up daughter, being a Buddhist nun, we took charge of the infant daughter, who had been left for three days in a tub, and at once got a wet nurse, but death soon released the little one.

Amongst our visitors was an old lady, who told us of one of her grandchildren, that when he was ill the parents called in doctors, and then a witch, but without avail. Then they prayed to their idol, who, the friends said, had taken the child's soul away for a time (*i.e.*, he was delirious). They prayed all night, often calling out loudly, and next day the child regained consciousness and recovered. The illness was probably due to "ascarides lumbricoides," which

The Provinces of

are very common in China, and often recovered from even when the patients have been delirious.

One evening this summer the evangelist who had accompanied the first Protestant missionary to travel across China into Burmah, described his return journey. After leaving Bhamo with the coolie from Chungking, he got safely over the Shan mountains into the province of Yun-nan, a three weeks' journey, and then the coolie became too ill to walk, when he was carried in a chair, but soon this proved unbearable, and our friend greatly feared that he might be charged with the man's death. On stopping at an inn the coolie became unconscious. However, one of the villagers took pity on the dying man, and having brewed some medicine, forced him to take it. This was about 5 p.m., but at ten o'clock he died. As the place was too poor for the sale of ready made coffins, they bought a few planks and made one, and the kind villagers gave them a grave, and then got six other villagers to sign a document telling how the coolie had died. The poor evangelist had now another thirty days' journey to reach the nearest Protestant mission station, namely, Kuei-yang. There he had a sympathetic welcome, and was helped to go forward the remaining fifteen days' journey to Chungking, now a treaty port, where he met the widow and her children. Providentially,

Western China.

their hearts had been prepared to receive the evangelist peaceably, and he was able to give them their father's wages, which the Kuei-yang missionary had entrusted to him.

The first Sunday in May, 1880, was a great day for us all in Yang-chow, as hitherto our services had been held in the Chinese house where, ten years previously, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor and other missionaries had been rioted ; but to-day Mr. Taylor, who was the founder of this mission, opened a fine English chapel for our Chinese congregation. Amongst others present on this occasion was Miss D——, from Switzerland, a member of the Lammermuir party, who had been for eighteen months the first European lady to live alone in this city, the only other Europeans at that time being Roman Catholic priests.

October. On taking the schoolgirls out for their usual autumn walks, it was encouraging to hear how much more intelligent than last spring their remarks were about the fields and crops, the farmhouses, and the traffic on the main roads, where loads of tea and cotton are carried on men's shoulders or on wheelbarrows. On their way from the next province, Ho-nan, the barrow men hoist a sail for any favourable breeze to help them across the great plain of North-eastern China.

During these walks the girls saw their fellow

The Provinces of

countrymen making life-sized idols, first a rude framework of rough poles, and then a thick plastering of clay mixed with chaff, followed by a coating of paint, and lastly a little gilding on the idol's cap and girdle : thus the girls saw for themselves what Isaiah described (xliv. 16, 17). Before a new made idol is to be worshipped it is first blessed by the priests, and during the service a tiny piece of yellow or red cloth, with a written prayer, is placed inside a cavity in the chest of the idol, red being the festive colour, and yellow the Buddhist colour for decorations.

Our Chinese teacher has been telling us that according to their mythology, whenever the supreme Deity sees that rain is needed He orders the dragon to bring water up from the sea and pour it into the clouds, whence the Thunder god causes it to fall as rain on needy parts. The natives in the interior are dependent upon stories of travellers about the source of rain, as the great majority of them have never seen the sea. Still, it is remarkable that this heathen nation should believe that the dragon is the prince of the power of the air (Ephesians ii. 2).

In December, refugees from a distance, probably from the periodical overflows of the Yellow River, 300 miles away, came into the rich city, and made straw huts for themselves near our Mission House ; but the mandarins sent soldiers

Western China.

who obliged them to remove outside the city to the beggar's quarters. Amongst such refugees there are often respectable families, as we have met in the province of Kuei-cheo, but at the great cities of the empire, as here and at Nanking, the majority are careless men, whom professional thieves hire to assist them. Hence the mandarins' action.

One afternoon a rich family invited us to participate in the birthday feast of the son and heir. Alas! we knew he was dying, and only went because for a month we had been helping to nurse this one-year-old little sufferer. On entering the house we saw them worshipping Heaven and Earth by placing a large basin of burning incense on a table, from which was hanging a red satin altar cloth embroidered with gold thread and yellow silk, and on either side of the incense lighted candles. In front of this the mother and some ladies knelt down and bowed, then the father and other gentlemen, and lastly, the servants did the same; but without avail, as next day the child died.

Of the girls mentioned in this chapter, one came in March, 1877, from a very poor family living in a straw hut near our mission house. There had been five children, but two died from smallpox, and the father became an opium smoker. **This girl remained with us many years, and**

The Provinces of

grew up to be a bright young woman, though of rather a gipsy-like character. She married, and for a short time was a teacher in a mission school. Another girl admitted that year was about thirteen years of age, and when given to us seemed to be in a dying condition; for a month we could not get her to talk or smile, but with nourishing food and much care she eventually became a healthy girl. Then her parents wanted to get her back and sell her to be a slave. As, however, we gave them a present of money, she was left in our hands, and became one of the nicest Christian girls in the school, subsequently marrying a Christian tailor.

A third girl, who came the same year, was the daughter of a small restaurant keeper, thirty miles further up the Grand Canal, who had fled to Yang-chow during the Tai-ping rebellion. After their father's death the opium-smoking eldest brother brought this child to us. She became a very intelligent girl, and afterwards married a medical missionary student. One other girl of the same time was born in a village near Yang-chow, where the family were formerly in comfortable circumstances, but through opium smoking the father became wretchedly poor, so sold three of his children, another child died, and this remaining girl they brought to us. Some time afterwards she had smallpox, and

Western China.

when convalescent we placed her with a Christian family in the country. While away there, her mother happened to call at the school to see her daughter, and could hardly believe me when I told her why the girl was not in the school. However, in a couple of months the mother saw her child back again in good health. When old enough she was married to an evangelist, and died at their station in the next province about 1900. Her mother-in-law saying of her, "I could find no fault in her, she was so good."



The Provinces of '

CHAPTER III

NANKING, only forty miles west of Chinkiang, became, at the commencement of the Ming dynasty, 500 years ago, the capital of the empire. Its present wall, which dates from that time, forms an oblong, thirty miles in circumference, and, next to Peking, is the loftiest city wall in China, being fifty feet high, while at the city gates it is raised to eighty feet high. At its base the wall is so thick that to enter a city gateway is like going into a railway tunnel, but there are such large fields and even waste places in the city that the population is only 130,000 persons.

Its streets are paved with marble, and it is politically the second city in China, because so near the mouth of the great river, and because the governor-general of three provinces resides here. Twenty-five years ago gazelles could be seen from the city wall in all directions; and in winter time wild geese and other fowl are still abundant. Inside the city there used to be the

Western China.

finest pagoda in China, built of porcelain bricks, as the imperial potteries for the whole empire are at Kin-teh-chen, in the adjacent province of Kiang-si. We saw a few of these different coloured glazed bricks still lying scattered where the pagoda had stood, before the Tai-ping rebels razed it to the ground, fifty years ago.

Outside the city are the tombs of the early emperors of the Ming dynasty. These are on a small hill, from which an avenue—perhaps half a mile long—of stone statues has been made. Nearest the hill are two colossal standing elephants, then two kneeling ones, next four camels, etc., reminding one of the survivors of the Deluge leaving the ark.

One of the earliest Protestant Christians of this city had been my teacher of Chinese at Yang-chow, but had gone back to Nanking, his native place, and at once opened a rice shop, yet continued to keep the sabbath, when he would help the C.I.M. missionary at the poorly attended forenoon services, and in the afternoons preach to crowded audiences in a street chapel near the middle of the city—the only Chinaman who dared to confess the Lord Jesus publicly in Nanking. At this time the missionaries were almost penniless, and he hearing of it, brought the senior missionary twenty Mexican dollars, and in it, count this a loan,

The Provinces of

otherwise it is a gift." After this event we lost sight of him for five years, when one of us, passing through Singapore, found that he had become the assistant editor of a Chinese newspaper, and though unable to join in the services of the missionaries there, because they only spoke Cantonese and Fukienese dialects, he kept up his own daily reading of the Bible; and on our return from England, early in the following year, the sheriff of Penang introduced my husband to his Chinese interpreter, who expressed his delight at hearing someone who could speak the Mandarin language, and added there had recently come there another Mandarin-speaking Chinaman, who proved to be our old friend, still in a good position.

Another two years passed away, when, with our eldest child, we were at I-chang, 1,000 miles up the Yang-tze Kiang, the entrance to Western China, knowing that we might soon have to go up the Gorges far inland with no one to advise us what kind of junk to hire, or what the expense should be, for the chief mission station up country had recently been rioted, and no one knew how affairs were, when behold, an American missionary arrived at I-chang from the coast, *en route* for Chungking, to re-open their own mission station, and had brought with him to help in this difficult task our old friend, whom we had supposed was still near the Malay peninsula.

Western China.

We had prayer with him and told him of our difficulties, when taking out his own English visiting card, he wrote on it in Chinese characters, "Whatever you do for this teacher, count it done for me;" and said, "When you want a junk take this to So-and-so, innkeeper, who lives at the Riverside, and he will help you." In a few days the American missionary and our friend left us, and a week later we received one afternoon a telegram telling us to go forward. The next morning early my husband found out the innkeeper, who accepted the card, and before breakfast was ready enabled us to secure a house-boat for a three months' journey to Chen-too. Our friend succeeded in helping the American missionary to re-open their station at Chungking, where one of the members of our own Mission had, of God's great goodness, been able to remain with the British Consul throughout all those troublesome times; but two years later he died of consumption at Nanking.

As this book gives glimpses of China's ancient history the writer will here add that in their genealogy of the patriarchs before the Flood, the Chinese only give six names between Adam and Noah instead of the eight names of Genesis v. ; but the Chinese record is none the less correct, for there is another chronology in Genesis, *viz.*, that of chapter iv., where only six generations

The Provinces of

are given from Adam, through Cain, to the family of that other Lamech, whose three sons and one daughter were probably drowned in the flood, before either of them became the head of his generation.



A CHINESE PAGODA.

Western China.

CHAPTER IV

GAN-KING is the next big city on the Yangtze and is 150 miles west of Nanking. It is the capital of the province of An-huei, which is larger than Ireland, and outside the city wall has one of the loftiest pagodas in China. The population is only 50,000 persons.

Like the capitals of the other provinces it contains the yamens of the Governor of the province, and of the chancellor of the university, who, with the commander-in-chief (usually residing in some other city), are all of equal rank, though in urgent affairs the two latter must obey the governor. Next to them in rank are the treasurer and the judge, and beneath them the tao-tais, one of whom is commissioner of customs, and another the deputy governor for one-third of the cities of the province. Beneath them are the prefect, the colonel, and the professor; and lowest in rank the mayor, the captain, and the lecturer.

The mayor, having the busiest office, has the

The Provinces of

most underlings, some having more than 300 warders, lictors and policemen under their orders. The mayors of the 1,200 cities of China proper usually hold office for three years ; but at important places for a much shorter period. While we were in Chen-too, the western Viceroy's city, although it was divided into two boroughs, few of the mayors could stand longer than six months of the work, and it was commonly reported that from the time they entered office until they left it they had no time to undress at night.

Except for not inflicting a greater punishment upon any criminal than permitted by imperial edicts, mayors are almost despotic ; but justice is safe-guarded by the presence of the lecturer and the captain in every borough town, for an accused person, amongst whose relations is an university student, can get the lecturer to interview the mayor on his behalf, or a relation, who is a soldier, can get the captain to do the same ; and where a mayor maltreats the poor any merchant can denounce him to his superior. Another good custom is that the mayor is always the native of another province, where his home is, hence he has no personal interest in either of the parties to a law suit ; but the greatest defect in Chinese legal affairs is that mayors have such small salaries ; so, very few of them become noted as men unwilling to accept a bribe.

Western China.

Mayors are appointed by the Imperial government usually as follows : A gentleman, who has obtained his M.A. degree and been presented at court, waits in Peking until a vacancy occurs in some prefecture, when the Empress Dowager commands the viceroy of that region to promote the ablest of his mayors to the prefecture, and in his stead appoint the gentleman lately presented at court to be mayor.

Two hundred miles westwards from Gan-king, by river steamer, brings one to the three great cities of Central China, *viz.*, the treaty port of Hankow, with 800,000 inhabitants, on the north bank of the Yang-tze, situated on the east side of its chief tributary named the Han River ; while on a low range of hills in the angle on the west side of the Han river is Han-yang Fu (400,000) ; and opposite both these cities, but on the south side of the Yang-tze, is Wu-chang (500,000). In this last city lives the governor-general of the two provinces, Hupeh and Hunan.

The main trunk railway of China stretches from Hankow to Peking, from south-west to north-east across the great plain of China, of 700 miles ; and over these lines trains are running daily, accomplishing the journey in two days. The most remarkable passenger has been the Empress Dowager, for when escaping from Peking the morning after our Indian troops had relieved

The Provinces of

the British Legation in August, 1900, the Empress Dowager fled with only a mule cart as conveyance, until after one or two days' journey, General Tsen-chun-hsuen provided her Majesty with sedan chairs and an escort for her long journey, nearly across China, first to Tai-yuen and then to Hsi-an ; but next year, on her return journey, she saw for the first time a train, and travelled in it the last 100 miles into Peking.

At Wu-chang, fifteen years ago, the viceroy, Chang-chih-tong, opened a steam factory for weaving cotton, engineered by thirty Belgians, which is still working, and its produce widely sold throughout Western China. The only other such factory we have heard of in the Interior prior to this, was a similar one opened by the late viceroy, Tso-tsong-tang, twenty-five years ago, in the far away north-western province of Kansuh. He at first employed about ten Germans, but after his death the factory was closed.



THE PORT OF I-CHANG.

Western China.

CHAPTER V

FOUR hundred miles west of Hankow is the treaty port of I-chang. It is close to the 110th parallel of longitude east of Greenwich, and all the country to the west of this longitude, extending from the great wall of China down to the French colony of Tongking and its gulf, is occupied by the Provinces of Western China.

Bordered by the great wall are the two northern provinces of Kan-suh and Shen-si, the eastern limit of Shen-si being the Yellow river, which, in this region, has a different direction to that of any other part of its 2,000 mile course, as here it flows from north to south in a straight line parallel to the 110th degree for 500 miles. South of these lies the great province of Sz-chuan, and to its south-east is Kuei-cheo, while still further south are Yun-nan and Kwang-si, stretching from Burmah, on the west, to the border of the province of Canton on the east.

I-chang is situated on the western border of the great plain of China, which ends 100 miles

The Provinces of

south of this port at the city of Chang-teh Fu in the province of Hu-nan; and just opposite I-chang, but separated by the river, nearly half a mile wide, is a prominent pyramidal peak surrounded by many others, for from here range after range of mountains rise up to form the west of China, until at last they terminate in that circle of perpetual snow which is the geographical boundary of Thibet.

Between these ranges the Yang-tze flows for 1,500 miles after leaving Thibet to reach I-chang, the last 500 miles being through wonderful gorges. These are composed of new red sandstones whose hill-tops vary from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in altitude above sea level, with precipitous cliffs towering 100 to 400 feet high, and flanking the river, which in some gorges is less than a quarter of a mile wide, but in the rainy season 300 feet deep. It is this enormous volume of water that God has used to make the gorges, as Job described in another part of the world (xxviii. 10).

One hundred miles north of I-chang is the busy market town of Fan-cheng, and twenty-five years ago my husband went there to reside—before our marriage—where previously no Protestant had lived for more than three weeks. Three months later he was left alone, as his companions had gone further into the Interior,

Western China.

so that one day seeing a bale of Manchester goods being carried through the streets with the maker's name stamped on it, he was almost as startled as Robinson Crusoe on seeing Friday's footprints. Before the other missionaries left this town, a lad who had suddenly become lame was brought to them, and found to be suffering from an abscess in the back. This was at once relieved by an incision, but next day neighbours had to bring the lad on a stretcher to be re-dressed. To avoid this my husband got permission to treat him at his home, and in ten days he was convalescent. From that time plenty of poor patients came, but no well-to-do people, though after a while he was invited by the upper classes, as a last resource, when persons had taken opium to commit suicide. That year more than forty cases were attended out of a population of about 40,000, and more than half the number saved, yet in the homes of the richer people there were many who could scarcely believe that the English surgeon attending these attempted suicides was really a foreigner, because they had never seen Europeans before this occasion; and on the streets he would be shown pictures of people with a large hole through their chest by persons who said, "In our country (China) a man rides in a chair borne upon two poles, but in one of the foreign countries the bearers only need to put a

The Provinces of

pole through the person to carry them about, "How far is it from your country?" Notwithstanding such ignorance the Gospel was preached to them daily with such effect that when a Scottish missionary came with his colporteurs on a visit, the street boys made mud images on a waste part of the city wall, and threw stones at these, shouting out, "The foreign preacher says, 'Idols are useless.'"

At the end of one year a coolie confessed his faith by baptism and remained a regular attendant at the mission services for five years; during which time other C.I.M. missionaries came, and gradually gathered a congregation of thirty converts.

Since then the station was given over to two Scandinavian missionary societies. And now Fan-cheng will perhaps become the head of one of the branch lines of the main trunk railway.

To the south-east of I-chang is the ancient city of King-cho Fu, which, like most prefectural cities, is well walled and just one square mile in size. It contains the tomb of Kwan-tee, the general who, with Chang-fei, the giant, kept one-third of the Chinese loyal to the Emperor Lui-pi when the rest of the nation revolted in the year 220 A.D. On the plate in chapter I. is a copy of a coin of that dynasty. Kwan-tee is now worshipped twice a month by all military mandarins,



A WAYSIDE BRIDGE NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE GORGES.

Western China.

while, strange to say, the butchers have made Chang-fei their idol.

With the exception of the graveyard at Shao-hsing, of Hsia-ü, who was Terah's contemporary, and the tomb of Confucius, B.C. 450, in Shantung, the above three men's graves, with a few others of the same period, are the oldest graves in China.

Kwan-tee and Chang-fei gained their final victories in the region of the Gorges, but Chang-fei was treacherously seized and beheaded, his head being buried at Yun-yang, Hsien, beneath a temple now adorned with green tiles, while his body was carried by faithful soldiers about 400 miles and buried in the city of Pao-ning. There a great mound was raised over it, which is still twenty feet high, and in front of the tomb they placed his iron spear, which from time to time has been renewed; it weighed two hundred-weight, and as this happens to have been the weight of Goliath of Gath's armour, and there is no record of the Chinese having worn armour, the spear shows that Chang-fei was just as strong as Goliath.

Only five miles east of Kin-cho Fu is the very busy town of Sha-sz, situated along the north side of the great embankment, which for more than 200 miles prevents the Yang-tze in the rainy season inundating the country between

The Provinces of

I-chang and Hankow. Through this portion of the great plain there is a canal from Hankow to Sha-sz, and by it, before the days of steamers, all goods for the West were brought on barges. On arrival at the canal head, namely, Sha-sz, this cargo, chiefly Chinese raw cotton and Manchester calico, was unloaded and carried on men's backs up the great embankment, where it was reshipped in the river junks which had come up in ballast from Hankow.

To this settlement of porters, commonly called coolies, there came, on account of its proximity to Kin-cho Fu, many merchants and pedlars, until at length Sha-sz has a population of 73,000 persons, and is of such importance that when the Japanese were victorious in the war of 1895, they obliged the Chinese to make this a treaty port. But in 1886, when we joined a few other members of the C.I.M. there, no other foreigners, except some Roman Catholic priests, had ever lived in it, and the people were so angry at our coming that it was with great difficulty the senior missionary forced a way through the crowd for the chairmen to carry me up to the mission house; and during the five months spent there, in what had been an old inn on the embankment, scarcely a day passed without evidence of their animosity to foreigners. In addition to our eldest child, there were three older J

Western China.

children in the house, and the only place where they could play in the open air was in a railed platform, used for drying clothes, made on the top of the roof; yet nearly each time they were seen up there coolies threw stones at them. Mercifully the house was so high that no one was injured. This kind of drying floor is common along the valley of the Yang-tze. At this place, too, for the first time in our experience, we saw Chinamen lying on the streets drunk; and subsequently came to the conclusion that these men were not residents, but young fellows from distant villages, who come up for the season to get the big wages earned by hauling cargo, and being unknown to the local officials, feel that none of their relations would suffer for their misdeeds, so plunge into every vice.

This mission station was opened by Mr. James Dorward in his brave attempts to settle in the adjacent province of Hu-nan. For eight years he made constant itinerations throughout every part of it, but nowhere could he rent a house to live in. Still, never disheartened, he persevered in preaching the Gospel in season and out of season; and during all this time the Scottish Mission press at Hankow sold thousands and thousands of portions of Scriptures, also tracts by the Rev. Griffith John, to the Hunanese boatmen, who came from their Tong-ting lake,

The Provinces of

the biggest lake in China, with rice for the vice-roy's capital, Wu-chang ; but only when Mr. Dorward, worn out by these single-handed efforts, had laid down his life at Sha-sz, was the seed sown in tears to be reaped with joy, for now thirty missionary societies have agents in the province, and there are already many hundreds of Protestant converts in this the last of the eighteen provinces to be opened to the Gospel.

The south of Hunan has ranges like the Grampians, and its people have long been fond of saying to the provincials of the great plain, " Ye are men of sand, but we are men of granite ; " They are also men of intellectual ability, and of recent years have provided more mandarins for the empire than any one of the western provinces ; but even here the Gospel has been triumphant, thus Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, after fifty years of working for the evangelisation of the Chinese, was able to visit the Christian congregation recently formed at the capital, Chang-sha, and there, early in June, 1905, having seen the last answer to his many prayers, fell asleep in Christ.



BAMBOO CABLES LAID IN POSITION AT THE "YEH TAN" RAPID.

Western China.

CHAPTER VI

THE towns described in the last chapter were all in the province of Hupeh, which lies north of the Tong-ting lake. That lake and the great river abound with fish, so that even at I-chang, 1000 miles from the coast, sturgeon weighing a hundred pounds are caught, and one often sees porpoises gambolling amidst the waves.

Ten miles above I-chang we entered the Gorges. It was the early summer of 1886, and the change from the glare of the plain to the shadow of the rocks was most soothing, but as soon as we got into some reach where there were no other junks in sight, a feeling of awe crept over us, for we were shut off from the rest of the world by adamantine walls. These are of New Red Sandstone in uniform strata, usually horizontal, though in some places tilted up to an angle of forty-five degrees, and as the cliffs on each side of the river are equally precipitous, they seem like prison walls; but the brilliant sunshine on the rocks facing southwards with the bright blue

The Provinces of

sky above our heads, and now and then meeting a great salt junk coming down stream, rowed by seventy or eighty or even one hundred men, who sing in chorus as they stand to their oars, while houseboats like our own, or ferryboats crammed with passengers frequently glided past us, all served to keep us alive to the fact we were still living in a busy world.

One of the first places in the Gorges is the Otter's cave rapid, and here we saw a fisherman on a punt with a muzzled otter; the Chinese call them water cats. They are half as large again as a big cat, and look, especially when wet, like a rat. We bought one of the fish the otter had caught, and the fisherman said it earned enough to support his family of four persons.

At the sides of the precipitous cliffs and on the slopes above them are numerous patches of ground under cultivation, with maize, sweet potatoes and vegetables, or, where the soil is too rocky for these, there are peach trees, plums, and shrub oaks, while at the trackers' villages are bamboos and willows. A good many caves are scattered along the cliffs, some of which are inhabited, though a few of them so difficult of access that they have ladders tied to them for steps.

The Gorges are interrupted every few miles by

Western China.

the winding valleys of the mountain ranges opening into the great river. The streams of these valleys become in the rainy season mountain torrents, which carry down little avalanches of stones, and these streams, stopped in their course by the mighty current of the Yang-tze, deposit their *debris* at these openings, forming barriers extending some distance into the river, so that as the Yang-tze rises, some of its water foams over these barriers—which are rapids—while the greater volume of water goes on its course with increased velocity, but as it passes the constricting barriers there is on either side a space which becomes filled with a backwater; and lower down, any bend in the river opposing the mighty current produces other backwaters, and these various currents form the terrible whirlpools which swamp so many junks.

A river-going junk is very like an English canal barge, except that the square-shaped bow has a long deck on which the rowers stand looking forwards as they push their oars against the water, instead of pulling them as we do in England. The men who row the starboard oars stand on the port side of the deck, and *vice versa*. Our junk has only six oars, each worked by one man, and projecting over the front of the boat is a huge sweep as big as the mast, with an oar-shaped extremity, worked by two other men in

The Provinces of

the bow, to direct our way through the whirlpools. Behind these eight rowers is the middle section of the hold occupied by the kitchen, then the mast, next to which is our two-roomed cabin, twice as high as a barge cabin, and the afterhold with a single plank bridge above it, where the two steersmen ply the long handled helm, while last of all is the captain's cabin.

In salt junks each oar will be worked by five men and sometimes ten, in the latter case five on each side of the oar, these men working face to face ; and behind them two additional sweeps to starboard and port of the cabin. Going down stream the mast is taken out and docked by lashing it outside the vessel beneath the gunwale, with sometimes a spare sweep on the other side to counterbalance it.

In going up river, except on the rare occasions when there is a favourable breeze and they can hoist the great sail, our houseboat has to be tracked wherever there is a footpath for the men to walk on shore. It is only in the worst gorges where there are no paths that they have to row all day long, just tying up to a rock for meal times, but every now and then getting a few minutes' rest as the boat floats up stream on a backwater. One of the trackers has to be a swimmer, as the towing rope often gets caught on a half submerged rock, and this man has to

Western China.

release it ; usually he goes ahead and reaches the rock first and seated there eases the rope over the rock without its becoming entangled.

At the rapids, boats would get beached if pulled through the foaming waters over the barriers, so they have instead to go up stream against the full force of the waters in mid channel. This the rowers by themselves cannot do, but at these places there are villages of trackers who take from our boatmen a bamboo cable more than an inch in diameter and perhaps a quarter of a mile long ; to the shore end of this cable twenty trackers for our boat, in addition to our own men, attach themselves, the other end being fixed to our mast, and then from some convenient rocky promontory the thirty trackers haul us through the channel.

As may be supposed the rope often breaks and backward we drift for half a mile or more, until we manage to float into a backwater and tie up to the shore, there to wait until our men get back and gradually work the boat up to the rapid again ; where we must wait perhaps a whole day before the trackers will be free from helping other boats to try us again, this time with a new cable.

About half way through the Gorges we passed a cliff, on whose surface was a zig-zag series of large holes, each a foot square, and were told

The Provinces of

that long ago a certain general, Mang-wang, got his army to cut these in one night, and by this staircase ascended the precipice, took his enemy's camp at the top by surprise and completely routed them. In another gorge a black object near the top of the cliffs is pointed out, which is said to be an iron coffin, but though we have passed this way six times no one seems to know its history.

In some places we noticed that these sandstone cliffs rested on a basement of slatey blue rock, which was deeply fluted perpendicularly. For a long while it puzzled us what could have caused these parallel grooves, until one day, in the midst of a storm of rain, we saw the streams of water from the pyramidal hill-tops around us, falling over high cliffs laden with detritus of sand, pour into the grooves of these lower rocks, showing that the grooves had been formed by the scoring action of sand and water on the rocks. These we tested with a mineral acid, and found to be marble.

At the end of the Gorges we reached Kuei Fu, the first big city in Sz-chuan, and here one enters on the 200 miles avenue of pyramidal mountains, whose bases, touching each other, form the banks of the river, and separating these sandstone pyramids from their marble bases. There often occur ten feet thick layers of Conglomerate. For

Western China.

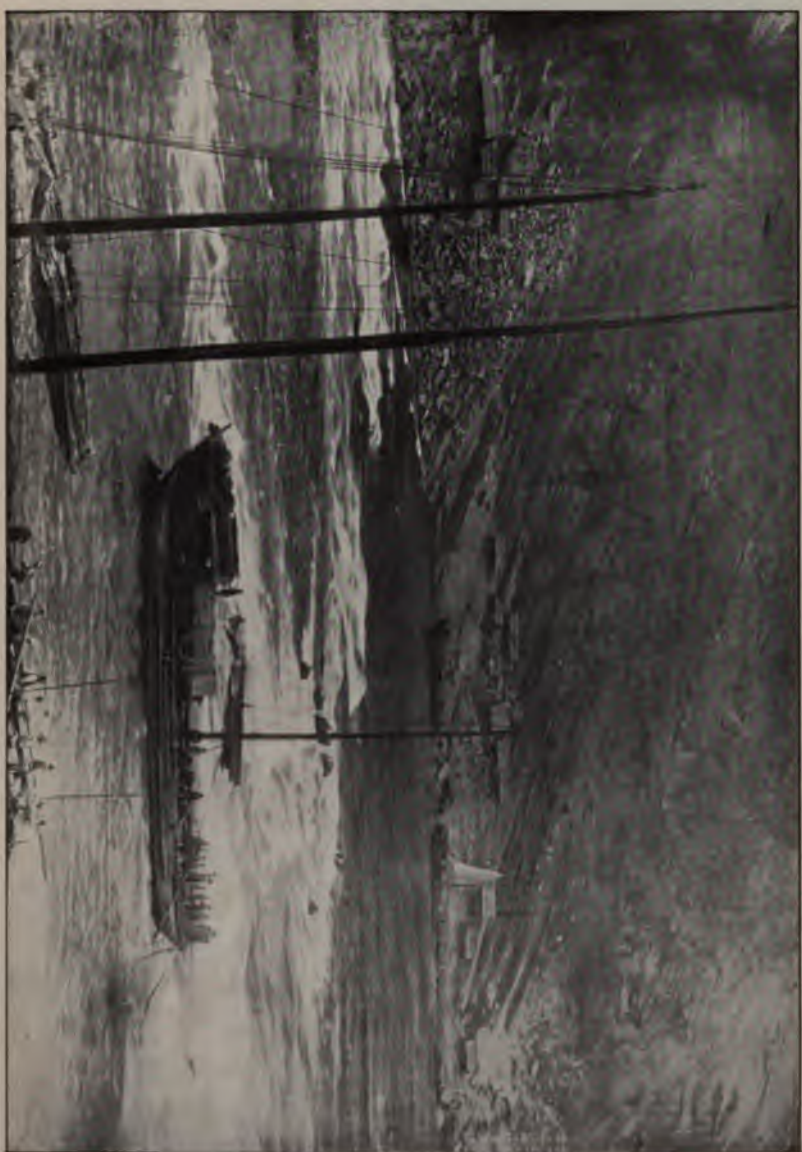
several years it had seemed to us a useless material, until on our last journey up country, a companion who had visited the Australian gold fields said, "I have found gold." And surely enough, beneath the pebbles of the Conglomerate, were specks of gold. After that we examined many of these layers, and for the next 300 miles traced it everywhere. In several places higher up the river we had often seen the natives sifting for gold amongst the sands, and hitherto supposed that these were chiefly deposits brought down from Thibet. It is a great industry in Western China, though the workers rarely earn more than sixpence a day, and cannot work during those months when the river is in flood.

In this part of the journey we saw on one or two occasions a narrow punt, and perched along its sides half a dozen or more large birds, which were cormorants, each with a leathern collar round its throat. From time to time one of them darts into the water, and brings up a fish, which cannot be swallowed because of its collar, then the solitary fisherman with a bamboo pole helps the bird back and secures the fish.

At other times we have seen a fisherman standing beside a tall pair of slender sheers close to the water's edge, from this is balanced a long pole and suspended to its outer end by cords a square bamboo frame, with a net attached, which

The Provinces of

is let down into the river ; but every now and then the fisherman, by means of the balanced pole, raises the net to the surface, and then with a long scoop lands any fish that have been caught, and lets down the net for another draught ; but many are the times he fails to catch anything.



A SALT JUNK READY TO BE PULLED UP A RAPID.

Western China.

CHAPTER VII

SZ-CHUAN, the largest of the eighteen provinces of China proper, extends in a wedge shape from the centre of the country to the eastern border of Thibet, with which it runs parallel for 500 miles. Nearly the whole of the province lies north of the Yang-tze, and its eastern half is composed, geologically, of New Red Sandstone forming great circles of pyramidal hills, whose enclosed valleys are filled with smaller pyramids that seem to have been shaken to pieces.

The soil is very fertile. Rice could be grown everywhere, but since the Indian Mutiny the natives have year by year been draining more and more of their paddy fields and growing opium instead, notwithstanding that of recent years mandarins have placarded the main roads of south-western China with proclamations begging the people not to bring famine upon themselves by diminishing their rice crops. Other grains are wheat, from which steamed loaves are made,

The Provinces of

and maize, which is cultivated on the higher slopes of the hills. When ground to meal maize is baked into cakes, and the cobs are kept till winter time for fuel. This region is noted for the cypress, and amongst them, as if in orchards, are varnish-nut trees with pelargonium-like flowers. Here, too, in solitary grandeur, are the baobab trees, some nearly 200 years old, whose wood is useless, but their wide-spreading branches with large thick leaves make resting places from the the noon-day heat.

The "four streams" from which the province is named are first the Min river which, coming down from Chen-too, joins the Kin-sha at the city of Shui Fu to form the Yang-tze. Kin-sha means golden sand, and is the name given to the river on its exit from Thibet. The next stream is the Intermediate river, which joins the Yang-tze at the great salt mart of Lu-cheo. The third is the Pao-ning river; and the fourth is the Black river, which, coming out of the province of Kuei-cheo, joins the Yang-tze at Fu-cheo, seventy miles east of Chung-king.

From Chung-king native postmen carry letters overland to Kan-suh for Turkestan and to Yun-nan for Burmah.

Chung-king has often been called the Liverpool of Western China, and is built on a rocky promontory of two Sandstone ridges covering an area of

Western China.

not less than three square miles, at the junction of a great tributary river with the Yang-tze. This rocky site stands straight up from the river banks, varying from one to two hundred feet high along its frontage, which is crowned by the city walls some thirty feet in height, while inside the city the greater ridge rises another 500 feet higher. To the south the Yang-tze, when in flood, is one mile wide, and the northern tributary, called the Pao-ning river, is about half that width. This area is so densely populated that it has 300,000 residents, besides the thousands who live in junks lining the two rivers. Chung-king, though 1,500 miles from Shanghai, is only at its city walls 600 feet above sea level.

On the western side of the city the wall is on high ground, forming a precipice, and the valley at one's feet is a city of the dead in their circular, treeless graves. This valley separates us from a higher range of hills on whose slopes is the Mahomedan cemetery, with its oblong graves adorned with trees, especially the yew.

Beyond the Yang-tze a range of mountains extends from east to west ten miles, and just opposite Chung-king the range touches the river with a very steep ascent, 1,500 feet high. On these hills the British Consul and missionaries, both American and English, have erected bungalows, as Chung-king in the summer has a day

The Provinces of

and night temperature of over 90 degrees, while the air is oppressive from being surrounded by mountains.

A Protestant mission was opened here by the C.I.M. in 1877, the first in the west of China, but in 1887, when we passed through the city, all the mission houses had been rioted, and there were probably not more than a dozen converts in the station. As, however, during the years since then American and English missionaries have laboured far and wide throughout this province of Sz-chuan, *i.e.*, the "four streams," and the Scottish and American Bible Societies have distributed over a million portions of Scriptures, we had, in 1901, the great pleasure of seeing 500 Chinese Christians assemble for worship during the New Year's holiday.

On account of the crowded condition of the city very few of the native houses have gardens, and this has compelled the women of Chung-king to live a much more out-of-door life than those in other cities, thus they have had greater opportunities for hearing the Gospel and seeing Christian worship than most Chinese women.

Outside the city in the great burial grounds, graves are cut into the rock; and as the natives never bury one coffin upon the top of another they excavate vaults side by side. Those of the former dynasty, 260 years ago, were arranged in



THE BRITISH GUNBOATS IN FRONT OF CHUNGKING.

Western China.

family groups surmounted by the monogram of the dynasty, *i.e.*, the word "Ming," while on the upright slab which forms the door of each vault is the name of the occupant, with the date of birth and death, and sometimes all his or her heirs. One set of graves was for a family of nine, of whom two had been unmarried sisters, and amongst these, on the innermost wall of a disused vault, was the fine engraving of a shrine. Not far from here was a large underground room with a broad shelf cut into the rock for sleeping on, and strong outer doors with a ventilating space over them, probably a cave dwelling, as there was ornamental carving about it.

Above Chung-king the Yang-tze also flows between ranges of hills, but they are wider apart and more broken up than at the Gorges proper. On the south side of the river these hills are of limestone and contain a great deal of marble, which, in Chinese, is called "the black stone with the white, white streak." Occasionally we passed white cliffs, where the natives had made kilns for burning lime, as in many places there were patches of black crumbly earth showing surface coal ready at hand for fuel.

In the neighbourhood of Lu-cheo, but on the opposite side of the Yang-tze, are many orange groves with their glossy leaves, which are ever-green. We found four kinds of oranges—man-

The Provinces of

darin, when ripe its skin is very thin, but the flavour is delicious; the coolie orange with its loose jacket; another kind, larger but with a thick rough skin; and lastly, a tiny orange no bigger than an olive, which the Chinese preserve whole by boiling them in honey. At times the river seemed to be bordered with gardens of flowers of many hues, but it was the bloom of the opium plant, which, quicker than anything else, robs man of his courage and brings his family to beggary.

Everywhere there are signs of idolatry, as each large tree has its shrine, and along the river bank opposite any whirlpool are stone pillars capped by an image of Buddha, whose mouth the trackers and fishermen have smeared with opium to propitiate them, while the field labourers at certain festivals sprinkle their pedestals with blood. And every night it saddened us to see, as soon as our houseboat was tied up to the river side, one or two small boats come up and be tied to the head of our boat, that the trackers might go on board and lie down to smoke opium.

By preaching at our stopping-place on Sundays and by speaking to the trackers of an evening, or by distributing tracts to villagers when walking on shore at the rapids, many persons were taught the Gospel throughout this long journey. At that time there was only one Protestant station

Western China.

between I-chang and Chen-too, 900 miles, but before we left China nearly every city along the route had a mission station, and in 1903, at Chung-cheo, one of the smaller towns, we saw a Sunday congregation of fifty regular attendants, who had only a native evangelist to reside amongst them.

Halfway between Chung-king and Chen-too is the city of Shui Fu, already mentioned, and the night we stopped at this city in June, 1887, a man was caught in the act of stealing, so the neighbours bound him with a rope and sent for the local policeman, who judged the case on the spot, with the result that they led him along the road, one man beating him all the way with a cane to the next village, where he was probably released, the crowd following with bamboo torches.

At Shui Fu we entered the Min river, which comes from the Golok mountains in Thibet, and after passing Chen-too, has 200 miles to flow before reaching this city, during which distance it descends 500 feet ; on the eastern side are still the pyramidal peaks of the New Red Sandstone, but on the western side are dark red ranges probably of Old Red, called Devonian, Sandstone. The ascent to Chen-too is tedious on account of the numerous rapids, fortunately for travellers none of these are so big as those in the Gorges. But off the city of Kia-ting, about

The Provinces of

seventy miles north of Shui Fu, where another Thibetan tributary enters the Min river, there is in the rainy season a tremendous whirlpool, and on the opposite side has been sculptured out of the rock a huge idol, perhaps 300 feet high, and broad in proportion. The face of this wonderful work of art is said to have been carved in the course of one night, many centuries ago.

Soon after starting from Shui Fu we saw a great salt junk drifting down the river, for its towing rope had broken, and already a rock had torn a small rent in its side, and we feared it would strike against our small houseboat, but in God's mercy it only grazed us, and then drifted into quiet waters, where it was quickly beached. Not far from here, after rounding a difficult place, we saw a small boat upset in the rapid—happily in a shallow place—and as the forepart sank in the water the only occupant held on to the raised stern and was saved. One morning an old wineseller brought his boat alongside, so we asked him to accept a tract and advised him to get a better trade, then our escorts asked for a tract, and in a few minutes the wineseller paddled back again for another, as a gentleman was asking for one. On receiving it the gentleman stood up in his boat and bowed his thanks.

June 25th, 1887.—To-day the natives are holding the dragon boat festival. This, the second

Western China.

annual festival of the Chinese, is always held on the fifth day of the fifth moon. Their tradition is that long ago, a faithful minister of state, who had given good advice to his emperor, was denounced as a traitor by other courtiers to whom the emperor listened, and this so saddened the minister that he drowned himself, thus opening the eyes of the emperor to his mistake : and now the people are supposed to search every year for his spirit ; but the holiday becomes for every town by the water side an Oxford and Cambridge boat race, for which the crews practise about ten days and hundreds of people come to see the race.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER VIII

ON the morning of the dragon boat festival, when trying to pass a submerged rock, our men let the towing rope slip, and away we drifted, soon coming into collision with another boat, but only doing slight damage to it, and a little further on the rowers were able to stop our boat. Then we prepared to start again upstream, and just as we were doing so saw three men in the water, who had been wrecked on that very rock, supporting themselves on pieces of their broken boat, and floating fast down the middle of the river. Mercifully, villagers put off in their ferry boat and rescued them. After this, by getting extra men and a good rope, we got over the dangerous spot, and at noon we passed a walled town which looked like an island, for the river had risen many feet and formed a moat round it.

June 30th, 1887.—Reached Kia-ting Fu. The rains have made the river rise so high that one of the city gates has been shut to prevent that

Western China.

part of the town being inundated, and just beyond is the great whirlpool which we have to pass. However, our old captain was equal to the occasion, as by paying a pilot a day's wage for two hour's work we rowed a long way up the tributary river, which brings rafts down from Ya-cheo, and then the pilot taking the helm, the men rowed with all their might down again in mid stream to the Min river on to the whirlpool, where by good steering we kept to its outer edge and were turned round two or three times, but in a few minutes the boat was floating in a back stream above the whirlpool and anchored safely.

The further side of this city is surrounded by mulberry trees, hence silk worms are reared in abundance, and the richest white silk of all Western China is made here.

In this region there is another dangerous place called the "Taoist Teacher's Barrier," formed by a sharp bend in the river, which is flanked by a wall of cliffs, and against these the huge volume of water, perhaps 400 yards wide, dashes with fearful force, and then rushes off in a new direction, but, leaving part of its volume to resist the oncoming river, produces a seething cauldron of waters. Fortunately, the Taoist priests, who live on the cliffs, let out a long rope which upgoing boats take on board and by its help are drawn through the dangerous places. The wearing action

The Provinces of

of the waters has so undermined the cliffs that one dreads to be sucked under them, and to help the boatmen chains have been fastened into the rocks and looped along for some yards at the worst place.

Amongst the hill-side foliage we noticed the wax tree, which is indigenous to Sz-chuan. It is a kind of privet that grows taller than an apple tree, and is now in bloom. The wax is formed by insects who feed on the leaves, and as the larvae of these insects develop best in the more southernly province of Yun-nan, one sometimes meets small parties of coolies carrying light wicker work baskets filled with bags of these larvæ. They travel faster than the post, lest the larvæ should die of starvation before reaching their various destinations. Another tree equally distributed is the pomelo, with its fruit three times the size of an orange, but these are not yet ripe.

Up till this time no Protestants had lived here, Kia-ting Fu, but soon afterwards Mr. Gray Owen opened a C.I.M. station. The Roman Catholic priests, however, have long resided in this city, to reach the thousands of heathen pilgrims who pass through annually on their way to O-mei Shan, the Mecca of Buddhists in Western China. This mountain is about twenty-five miles from Kia-ting, and 11,000 feet high. From the top

Western China.

of the cliffs, perhaps the steepest in the world, whenever clouds lie over the surrounding country the sun shining on the upper surface of the clouds makes wonderful arcs of rainbows, which the natives in their ignorance call Buddha's glory and believe show forth his actual presence. But for a full description of this region we refer the reader to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Little's book on O-mei Shan, and Consul Hosie's on Western China.

Above Kia-ting the river is much shallower, and in many places the natives, at the dry season, have built a stone barrier nearly across the river in a slanting direction, their object being to ensure sufficient water at the edge of the river to drive water wheels for irrigating the fields, which are high above it during the dry season, and at the same time this dam produces a deep channel at the other end of the barrier for junk traffic.

These water wheels placed at the side of the river are remarkable structures, each wheel being about forty feet in diameter, and a yard thick, the axle is supported by a wooden scaffolding eighteen feet high so that two feet of the wheel is always in water. The framework of these (double) wheels is composed of fir trees forming the spokes, and these at the circumference hold bamboo mats which act as paddles, and beside them are fixed hollow sections of bamboo, slightly

The Provinces of

inclined and stopped at the lower end. The wheel is kept in constant motion by the current pushing against the paddles, and as these successively dip in the river the bamboo pipes fill with water, and when carried round to the top of the wheel, forty feet, the slight inclination upwards of the pipes is now directed downwards so that the water pours into a trough, by which it is conveyed to the fields.

July 3rd.—The last two days our journey has been most pleasant, the river narrower and the current not so strong, and the scenery beautiful enough to remind one of Scotland. We were in a gorge, but the rocks gently sloped upwards, forming low hills with sufficient earth to allow fir trees, and as the hills were too steep for houses or huts the trees were not cut down for fuel. The firs were Austrian and perhaps some Wellingtonias. From the riverside we can see caves which were formerly inhabited by Mang-tz, a hill tribe now driven further west by the Chinese.

July 6th.—We have reached a village near Mei-cheo, the only important city between Kia-ting and Chen-too; it is about seventy miles from the latter place. This village is our boatman's home, and we were glad to find their family well after the six months' absence of the bread-winners; for the grandfather of the family is

Western China.

our captain, his son is front steersman, and a grandson is cabin boy. The house was built on a piece of land about twenty yards square, and probably contained three families. The land around it, also theirs, was sown with tobacco, ground nuts and maize, and planted with mulberry trees, while willows grew beside a stream. This homestead has been in their possession for nine generations. After spending half a day there we continued our journey and, as we were approaching the plain of Chen-too, passed many clumps of bamboo and sugar plantations.

July 11th.—To-day we passed under a bridge, the first since leaving the coast, for although China is famous for the number of its bridges many of them monuments of architecture, there are none over the Yang-tze, nor over its chief tributaries for two or three hundred miles above their junction with the Yang-tze. The bridge we have reached is a massive structure of dark red sandstone in seven arches. Between here and Chen-too are four other similar bridges, all wide enough for a carriage to drive over, showing that at one time—probably 1,700 years ago—there was an enormous road traffic to and from Chen-too, but now-a-days these bridges are scarcely used.

A few hours after passing the last of these bridges we landed at the city gate.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER IX

CHEN-TOO has the finest city wall in the West of China, and is about seven miles in circumference. The wall is only thirty feet high, but built of sandstone surmounted by a parapet of large grey bricks, each brick stamped with the name of one of the recent emperors, as the parapet is quite modern. The city is oblong in shape, and the western one-fifth of the area, divided off from the rest by a wall, more than 200 years old. This inner portion contains the Manchu Tartar garrison, the remainder of the city being inhabited by Chinese, and the total population, as calculated recently by a Consul-General, is 300,000 persons.

Inside the Chinese city, but next the Manchurian garrison is the Mahomedan quarter, and near that the Examination Buildings, surrounded by a high wall more than a mile in circumference, but square shaped, built seventeen hundred years ago for the palace of the last two emperors of the Han dynasty. The east gate of the city is

Western China.

connected with the poorest but most populous of the suburbs by an important bridge, as over it lies the main road to all parts of the empire. In Marco Polo's time there was a bridge of boats near here, of which there are still some pictures extant, and beyond this part is a wide circle of mounds, said to be the ruins of an outer wall dating from the Song dynasty, more than 800 years old.

On entering the east gate one is impressed by the width of the thoroughfare, and the large size of its shops, which in winter are resplendent with furs—wolf, fox, badger, and lamb skins, while sewn into cloaks for the mandarins to wear are sables. This street goes direct to the centre of the city, and in another long street are all kinds of copper ware, some being a whitish alloy, such as tobacco water pipes and kettles, others being a fiery red alloy, as charcoal foot warmers.

In a different part of the city are the blacksmith's shops, where they sell iron pans, some nearly a yard in diameter for cooking rice, and charcoal braziers to place on low wooden stands, which can be removed from room to room at convenience. Then again there are streets where good furniture is made, varnished red and ornamented with gilt, or, what is still better, plainly lacquered black; cane-bottomed chairs, and lounges are also sold here.

The Provinces of

Throughout the west a great deal of embroidery is done, but nowhere with such skill as in Chen-too. An ordinary shop of this kind will contain a dozen or more square frames, at each of which sits a worker, and there are usually four apprentices to each adult workman. On white or coloured satins they embroider butterflies amongst flowers and other scenes for ladies' sleeves ; or heavily incrustated with gold thread, birds and animals for official robes, birds being for civil mandarins and animals for military. While other embroideries are used for bridal apartments or to decorate the halls of their idol temples. Ladies often earn "pin money" by doing this work and then getting some old retainer to sell it in the houses of richer families or even to these shops. Another trade is in gold ornaments, as every lady in China wears golden earrings and a three-inch long bar of worked gold as a hair ornament, while many wear gold bracelets.

Politically this is the most important city in the West, as a viceroy lives here, and all despatches from the Chinese Resident in Thibet are opened by him before being forwarded to Peking, while inside the garrison city is the Manchu field marshal, who even takes precedence of the viceroy, though he has no direct jurisdiction except over his military colony.

On arriving in Chen-too we were surprised to

Western China.

hear that in addition to the members of our Mission and the Roman Catholic priests inside the city, there were some Hindoos outside the walls. Subsequently my husband visited them, and found they were a few Nepaulese officials, with a bodyguard of Ghoorkas, bringing tribute to the Emperor of China, which they do once in seven years. On the other hand they take similar tribute to India, each time there is a new Viceroy. They require about two years to travel from Nepaul to Peking and back, including the month or longer stay they make here. On this occasion we saw three large deer being fed in a temple, that they had brought as part of the tribute, but which, on account of the unfavourable climate, could not be taken further.

In July, 1887, a small house was rented for us just beside the partition wall of the garrison city, but we had great difficulty in taking possession, as the first day we moved into it the Manchus from behind their wall stoned our house and garden for two hours. My husband, with a Chinese policeman as guide, went into their garrison city to the nearest officers' quarters, here, while he stood outside their entrance, the policeman went in and begged for protection, and all the ladies of the residence took the opportunity to come out and view the stranger at their gates. In a few minutes the policeman came saying that

The Provinces of

the officer would stop the stone-throwing, and they quickly returned to find it had ceased ; but for six months the Manchu boys, either in the garrison or just outside their gate, almost daily threw stones into the garden.

The next day the mayor had a proclamation posted at our front door, saying, " A western family have come as visitors to this city, and therefore should be treated honourably, hence if anyone be found making a disturbance he will be punished."

The C.I.M. opened a station here in 1881, and ever since have had a large work : preaching both on Sundays and week days, boys' school, girls' school, and visiting women and children in their homes ; and with Dr. and Mrs. Parry's advent, crowds of people have gone for medicine to the old mission house.

August 14th.—We are beginning to have visitors, both Manchus and Chinese.

August 26th.—Visitors are increasing in numbers, especially coming to see our little daughter. Many of the Manchu ladies have brought their grown-up daughters, as they do not bind their feet ; they are beautifully dressed, wearing short-sleeved jackets and coloured silk gowns reaching to the ankles.

Of the poorer visitors one brought an adopted baby, a pitiful sight and nearly starved, whose

Western China.

parents did not want it, so this young woman, having no children of her own, has adopted the child. Of those who come for medicine many have inverted eyelashes, because few kitchens have chimneys, and therefore housekeepers suffer much from sore eyes.

Last week our landlady brought her knitting and sat beside us. She is the first native I have seen do this work, and was knitting a stocking with five bamboo needles, using coarse wool. The shape of the sock is like a baby's glove, without a thumb, and they do not know how to make a heel. One day an old lady of 98 years came to see us. She seemed quite well, except for being a little deaf, and had been a widow for sixty years, she was living with her nephew, who was over 70 years.

In addition to stone-throwing by day we have been alarmed at night time by robbers trying to get into the house, and when the servant has gone on to the verandah to look for them, we have heard them scrambling over the garden wall; and on two or three occasions, when my husband has gone out in the middle of the night to search the premises, the robbers have thrown stones at the house. This culminated in the end of August, when my husband and the cook found a strong young man crouching in a corner of the garden, but the cook, with a good thick stick,

The Provinces of

set upon the would-be thief and made him run away. Next morning we found that he must have awakened us by putting his hand through the bedroom window, for on a box beneath it lay a short javelin that he had dropped there. The following night we sat up till daybreak, but even then they tried to get into the servant's room just before sunrise. However, the cook was too wakeful for them; and next day we hired a night watchman.

Afterwards we rested for a fortnight at the old mission house, and then, being joined by a very kind Friend from another station, returned to our house, where, through our Heavenly Father's continual care, we were able to remain in peace for two years longer.

September 16th, 1887.—One of our companions has been showing me a Chinese scroll illustrating their ideas of foreign countries and their inhabitants. One picture was of people only a foot high, whom the wild birds eat, and another of a country where there are only women, every country but China being imperfect. We did not give the people credit for still believing these things, until one day a military official called to see my husband, who explained that these pictures were mistakes, but the old gentleman replied, "You have not travelled far enough away from the sea yet to find them."

Western China.

CHAPTER X

JANUARY, 1888. This year has commenced happily, for the stone-throwing has nearly ceased, and our neighbours are friendly to us. On Sundays we have a public service, and once a week I have a women's Bible class, while in the mornings, except on Sundays, there are a few patients ; and amongst the Manchu visitors some of the women know the Gospel, having heard it from the Roman Catholics.

January 14th.—To-day a funeral procession passed us. One man carried a spirit tablet on which was written the deceased person's name, and two men carried between them a load of paper trunks filled with paper clothes for use in the next world, and others carried a paper house and paper money, which the priests who accompany the procession burn at the grave.

In another part of the town we saw a new house being built, and found that they had sprinkled a cupful of fowl's blood on the lintel

The Provinces of

and two side posts of the front door, evidently copying the Passover rite.

Spring, 1888.—We have now explored the garrison city, so different from a Chinese town. The field marshal's yamen is in the centre and a wide street leading to it from the small north gate contains most of the shops in the settlement, while branching east and west are avenues containing semi-detached houses, each with gardens, and, separating them from their own city wall, is a fine broad road adorned with acacia, ash and sycamores. My husband has commenced preaching out-of-doors in these avenues, and has many attentive listeners.

Autumn, 1888.—Going one day outside the east gate to see the foreign cemetery, where two of our Mission are buried, we went into the "Temple of the golden image," and saw a tablet with the title, "To the holiest teacher Confucius," engraven on it in gilt letters; also images of the goddess of mercy, the god of riches, and the god of learning. Another day we saw in the garrison city a black stone about a square yard in size and six inches in thickness, which was not sculptured to represent an idol, neither did it have any inscription, and yet it was worshipped, because, we were told, it had fallen out of heaven from the star Vega in Lyra. In other words, it was a very large aerolite, the only one we have

Western China.

seen in China; and as Vega is always at its zenith at midnight on midsummer day, there is a corroboration for the tradition. It makes one think that the image at Ephesus, mentioned in Acts, must also have been an aerolite.

Recently we accepted an invitation to visit a well-to-do Manchu family. The garden was beautiful in its wild luxuriance, orange trees, pomeloes, loquats, and graceful bamboos, also rockery work with a large pond for gold fish. Such was the garden, the house being of secondary consideration in their minds, as the climate is so mild.

The history of this settlement is, that when Shwun-Chih, the king of Manchuria, was asked by one of the last Chinese emperors of the Ming dynasty to help him and had been successful, Shwun-Chih remained in Peking and soon took the reins of government into his own hands, and in 1644 proclaimed himself emperor. His son, the great Kang-hsi, succeeded him in 1662, reigning till 1723, and at once had the walls of all the principal cities of China repaired, many of them needing to be rebuilt, and took the opportunity to send Tartar garrisons, chiefly Manchurians, the rest Mongolians, into the seven cities where there are viceroys, and one or two other cities. Every able bodied man of these settlements is a soldier, and receives an annual

The Provinces of

grant for each of his sons from their birth. The men are usually only on duty for ten days or so each month, and therefore some of them become shopkeepers in the Chinese city, or agriculturists outside the city walls. Inside the Manchu city their families can walk about freely, so that the women often spend an afternoon chatting with their friends in the large tea shops near the field marshal's yamen.

The emperor Kang-hsi, though a Manchurian, became so proficient in Chinese that he edited the best dictionary of their language that the Chinese have had, which is still in use, and he composed the sixteen Canons which are the base of their present day laws; these sixteen are called the Sacred Edict.

Very soon after our settling in Chen-too, the wife of an opium smoker, a dyer, used to come with her little girl to attend our household prayers. She had learnt the Gospel from the Roman Catholics, and now took delight in learning the hymns sung at the C.I.M. chapel, and soon began to help us as a voluntary worker in receiving the visitors—during our first six months I think nearly every Manchu lady must have come to see us—and we were only able to receive such a host of visitors through the ladies of the other mission house coming frequently to take part in the work. At the end of these six months the dyer's

Western China.

wife was baptised, and remained a consistent Christian for nearly three years, when she died from cholera.

Another regular attendant at the Sunday service was an old school teacher, and a great friend of our landlord. On fine days he was very fond, when school was over, of coming to see our cook and asking him about foreigners and their wonderful religion, and after two years of intercourse with us confessed his faith by baptism. Soon afterwards we left Chen-too, and thus lost sight of him.

Our landlord died early this year. His death was not called a white mourning, but a red mourning, because he was full of days, being seventy-four years of age. He breathed his last early one morning, and at 10 a.m. a paper sedan chair, with three life-size paper men, was brought to convey his spirit to the city temple, where, it is supposed, the rulers of the spirit world will decide what punishment he is to undergo, for the family believed that the spirit would be better received at the judgment hall if riding in a chair than if walking unattended. At 2 p.m. a Taoist priest came with charmed paper and candles, and soon burnt the chair and paper men. Then wailing commenced by all the family, as they believed that the spirit of their father had gone from their midst. On the third day

The Provinces of

the family put on mourning, the widow being dressed in sackcloth, and sat in their guest hall to receive presents towards the funeral, when each visitor's gift was placed on an altar at the foot of the coffin. The gifts were money, pork, candles, incense, and cakes, which were around a temporary spirit tablet with paper men acting as mutes. As it was cool weather they waited a day or two longer, and then in the presence of the family the coffin was sealed up; a good deal of lime was placed inside and all the joinings were filled with varnish. A Taoist priest now chanted prayers and scattered rice over the altar as a charm to prevent any evil or hungry spirit doing harm to the grandchildren, the family lamenting pitifully. The daughter came to my class to-day and seemed interested to hear what Heaven is like. Her father often listened with the old school teacher to the Gospel last autumn.

After the coffin was sealed down the widow left her bedroom and placed her bed by the coffin, and there slept at night until the old gentleman was carried out to be buried—nine months later! This I often saw for myself, as their house and ours were in the same compound.

October 26th, 1888.—Three days ago six Taoist priests were invited for the final funeral services. Their combined fees were ten shillings, besides three meals each day. In the choice of a day

Western China.

for the funeral they were guided by the Imperial almanac, which allots two or three of the lucky days of any winter month for propitious funerals. The priests brought their own musical instruments—drum, gong, flutes, cymbals and a cow's horn—which they used from 7 p.m. till dawn each of the three nights.

The first night's ceremony was to invite the spirit of the dead man to come home and rest in the tablet, at least one of the spirits, because the Chinese speak of everybody having three, and that after death one goes to dwell in the spirit tablet, one undergoes transmigrations, and one remains in the grave. This last spirit they are accustomed to worship twice a year at the grave: in the spring, offering rice, wine and paper money; and in the autumn, rice, wine and paper clothes.

For to-night's ceremony a life-sized figure was made, erect, with a walking stick at its side and covered by an umbrella. This was placed in the garden opposite their entrance hall, while in front of the figure several forms were arranged with lighted candles on them to represent a bridge, over which the spirit is to re-enter his home in the spirit tablet. A Taoist priest stood in front of this bridge of life with a blue and silver streamer, similar to those used in English ritualistic churches, this he waved about and bowing

The Provinces of

to the figure invited its spirit to return home over the bridge. This priest is usually a ventriloquist who, in the hearing of the many bystanders, carries on a pretended conversation with the dead person, the very thing forbidden by God in Deut. xviii. 11. I asked the daughter how she knew their father's spirit had come back, to which she replied, that any slight flutter or breath of wind showed that he had returned.

The second night's ceremony was to set the spirit free from Hades, where it had been for nine months. At sunset a great many crackers went off and then the priests marked out in the courtyard the plan of a city, four stools representing the four gates. In the centre of this city was placed an ordinary chair with a lighted candle, and a procession was formed, led by the head priest dressed in a red cloak and wearing a gilt crown, followed by the eldest son dressed in sackcloth with the words "Alas, alas, my father," written in large letters on his back and carrying the spirit tablet in his hands, while behind them were the grandchildren. These all walked round the city-plan several times, the other priests chanting, until suddenly crackers were let off as a sign that the spirit was freed from Hades, and would now undergo transmigration, over which the priests do not profess to have any authority.

Western China.

The third night's ceremony was one of chanting prayers around the coffin, evidently to appease the one spirit which remains with the dead body, for whose conveyance to the grave they provide a white rooster, who is perched on the coffin; and next day the old gentleman was taken away to be buried. As soon as the coffin left the house all signs of deepest mourning were taken down, and the widow put off her sackcloth garments.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XI

S*PRING*, 1889. A few months ago a Manchu young gentleman came to my husband and asked if he could perform the operation for harelip. On being told yes, he led the way into their city to the patient, who was his younger brother. The father was dead, but their mother took good care of them and their sister. A few days later, in the presence of an older cousin, who acted as their uncle, and a few other relatives—another medical missionary giving chloroform—the harelip was sewn up. Then the Manchus present joined the two surgeons in kneeling down to thank the God of heaven for preserving the lad's life. As the boy awoke from the chloroform and looked on the family gathered around him, his elder brother joyfully exclaimed, "Now they will never shout 'harelip' after you on the streets," and my husband realised that it was to save his brother from this constant annoyance he had ventured alone into the foreigner's dispensary. This is the first time chloroform was administered to a native in the far west of China.

Western China.

The Manchu Tartars allow a few Chinese to live in their city, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and one of these men earned an honest livelihood as a sedan chair coolie. Late in the autumn his daughter, nearly twelve years old, came with a neighbour to the dispensary, saying, "You have healed that young gentleman's hare-lip, please make my lip all right." On enquiry we found they were living in a straw hut, and in those early days of medical mission work, it was too dangerous to give chloroform in such surroundings; so she was told that it could not be well done until the winter was over, hoping she would not come back again, but with the spring time came the girl, so it was promised that as soon as there had been three consecutive days of sunshine she might come, which she did and led my husband to their hut. She was a motherless girl, but a kind aunt sitting down in a chair clasped her arms round the brave girl, as she stood with her head against her aunt's face and never made a sound while the operation was being performed. This patient, too, made a good recovery, and we learnt that even heathen children who are obedient to their parents have brave and loving hearts.

Early in the year 1888 we visited an annual fair held at the Temple of the pure Lamb, so called because many years ago a life-sized brass

The Provinces of

image of a lamb was found in some ruins at this spot, but no one knew its history. However, the priests were not slow to improve the occasion, and soon one of the largest temples of this region was built here and another brass lamb made to match it. This temple is adorned by many stone pillars, monoliths, about twenty feet in height and two feet in diameter. At the fair could be bought every kind of bamboo work—beds, tables, baskets and chairs, besides toys.

In Chen-too the Roman Catholics have been working at least 100 years, so that some of their converts have become nuns. A woman who was preparing for this had some money invested in house property, but her brother was a lazy fellow who, having wasted his patrimony, joined a Chinese policeman in forging a rental deed of the property. On the fraud being discovered the would-be tenants fell upon the brother and left him half dead. He survived their blows, and in two or three days came into the dispensary, when it was noticed that while answering questions he was holding his chin first with one hand and then with the other, and if by chance he was slow in changing hands, immediately his head fell forwards, and he began gasping for breath; in other words his neck was broken, but only to the extent of a fracture of the spinous process of one of the vertebra. A cardboard collar well

Western China.

padding was at once applied, which proved a great relief, as it enabled the patient to be slower in changing hands. In a couple of days a starch bandage was substituted for the cardboard collar, and he was then able to sleep without holding his chin. A few days later we were told that an armed soldier was outside the dispensary waiting to get hold of him, and we did not see the patient again for three months, when he walked quite briskly into the dispensary, but with his face slightly turned to one side. He told us that the soldier had arrested him, but the mandarin, recognising that he was not shamming, allowed him to be imprisoned without being bastinadoed, and in prison the jailors allowed him to keep in bed until the broken bone ankylosed, causing only a slight twist of his neck. Soon afterwards this mandarin's term of office expired, and, as is usual, prisoners whose guilt could not be proved, and others, whose accusers no longer pressed for further punishment, were released; hence he was free to tell us of his wonderful recovery.

Some months after our arrival in Chen-too we made the acquaintance of our next door neighbours. On one side meeting an old gentleman who had just returned from Lhasa, where he had spent some years as a secretary; and on the other side watching the wedding festivities

The Provinces of

of a military officer's eldest son. All seemed to go happily with the newly married couple for six months, when my husband was called in to attend the young bride for opium poisoning. Although an emetic was administered she was unable to regain consciousness and died in a few hours, still, we could not help thinking that the young husband loved his wife. A year afterwards the young gentleman married again, and six months later my husband was called to this bride for the same reason, but after an emetic she regained consciousness and seemed that forenoon to have recovered, when, alas, he was again called to find that she had become unconscious, and notwithstanding the means used died that night. The double event was, of course, the talk of the neighbourhood, and our servants learnt that this second bride had poisoned herself because her mother-in-law had accused her (probably falsely) of stealing half an ounce of silver.

From these and a somewhat similar case amongst the Manchurians we realised that heathen young ladies, when some great difficulty comes to them, feel they are without hope in this life, because they have never heard of Christ as the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and therefore rush madly into eternity.

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ENDLESS CHAIN WHEEL FOR IRRIGATING RICE FIELDS.

Western China.

CHAPTER XII

IN the summer of 1888 we took our first holiday, travelling in sedan chairs thirty miles westwards to the border of the plain, passing thousands of acres of paddy fields with the rice already two feet high, while here and there were large plots of the indigo plant, its leaves something like but larger than spinach ; and on any rising ground the large-leafed tobacco with its beautiful white flowers.

For raising water from one rice field to another, where the distance is only a few feet, the natives use an endless bamboo chain about twenty feet long with floats attached to every link, arranged for the chain to drag the floats along a trough, which is made to slant from a flooded field below to the dry ones above. The upper part of the chain revolving over a small cogged wheel worked like a treadmill by two men on a small platform.

This plain is nearly twenty-five miles wide, and in a winding course extends 100 miles ; the

The Provinces of

western portion is really a basin, as the edge of the plain is 500 feet higher than Chen-too at its centre. On the western extremity is the ancient town of Kwan Hsien, built beside the mountain ranges which comprise the borderland of Thibet, for due west of Kwan Hsien there is no other Chinese borough, only frontier military stations. It is here that the Min river empties its mountain torrents on to the plain, as if they had been poured out of a "pitcher," which is the meaning of the name Kwan. In times of drought the chief mandarin of this town can increase the water supply for the 300,000 inhabitants of Chen-too by cutting down one or other of the dykes, and this was done a few months ago.

Our third day's journey would have led us fifteen miles northwards, but we were stopped two miles out from Kwan Hsien by the mayor with the news that the river had submerged the paths, which he had been inspecting, but he kindly gave us permission to stay at the great temple of Lee-ping, who made the first dyke in this neighbourhood 2,000 years ago.

Previous to Lee-ping's time the Min river devastated the plain of Chen-too every rainy season, and though this huge volume of water rushes from the gorges above Kwan Hsien with maddening speed, probably twenty miles an hour, yet Lee-ping and his son determined to regulate

Western China.

its erratic course. So in the dry season they made a dyke head at Kuan Hsien just opposite the last gorge, and dug two channels for the river.

Year by year this dyke head was strengthened and the main channel diverted into sub-channels, until in the course of centuries the sixteen counties of the plain were splendidly watered, and became the chief rice granary of Sz-chuan. During the present dynasty the dykes have been made of bamboo crates, those we saw were twenty to thirty feet long and two to three feet in diameter. These are placed in position at low water and filled with marble shingles, the crates being piled one upon another until they form embankments twenty feet high. Each season many of the crates are broken by the periodic floods, but through all these years the natives have been continually renewing them.

Notwithstanding the mayor's very kind offer we thought it better to spend the night at a wayside inn, and next morning found that the road was passable.

During the first six hours of this last day's journey we toiled up the mountain side through glorious scenery. The valleys were terraced with rice fields, but after a time maize and millet took their place, and in some places foreign potatoes, and the ~~beauties~~ of the plain were

The Provinces of

replaced by cypress trees, while still higher up were Scotch firs and bracken. Since then we have often seen villagers burning these wild ferns in heaps, and from the ashes make washing soda, which is sold in dirty-looking, yellow blocks.

At last we reached our destination, the Pass called Niang-tze-ling, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, where a temple with an inn attached to it had been discovered a year ago by Mr. Gray Owen, and this year Dr. H. P. had spent a month here and helped the old priest who is in charge to give up opium smoking, hence we were at once given a good room and a big charcoal fire, for the evenings were chilly, even in summer. One night, colder than usual, we were surprised to see a monk come in to close the window shutters, which were of oak more than an inch thick, saying, "We must guard against wild animals." These were chiefly wolves, though one day we were shown a small bear that had been recently caught ; and in Chen-too a chemist used to keep as an advertisement outside his front door, a brown bear that had grown tame in captivity, for the Chinese think highly of bear's fat for making plasters.

The temple has one large room, perhaps fifty feet long, and a fair height, the chief idol being a life-sized image of a man who lived long ago and loved good works, at least this was all the

Western China.

priest could tell us. It is adorned as a king, surrounded by lesser idols forming a bodyguard. At the opposite end of the room is another large idol, having an eagle's head and claws, but the body and limbs of a man, and holding a hammer and chisel, which is called the god of thunder.

However, on Sunday they allowed my husband to hold our service in this main hall, also on the following Sundays, while day by day he preached to the many passers-by, for over this Pass coolies were coming all day long, each man bearing the trunk of a tree, usually weighing nearly two hundredweight. They could only go a few steps at a time and then rest for a minute until the Pass was gained, where they stayed for a quarter of an hour. Other coolies carried loads of medicinal herbs—liquorice, rhubarb roots and other kinds, until we were tired of their smell; and one day we noticed a pony laden with musk, which is so costly that the load was guarded by soldiers. In the Chinese geographies of this province we read that they have musk deer and musk rats.

Another afternoon, while sitting outside the temple, we were surprised by a herd of tame yak rushing past. They were like Highland cattle and most of them black, but with long wavy manes and tails. There are also a few white yak resembling the Chillingham herd. We then

The Provinces of

watched the herdman make his few preparations for the night. He gathered a lot of leaves for a bed, and rolling himself up in a thick blanket of woven yak hair, there and then laid down to rest. Being alone probably decided him to make his bivouac beside the temple, and the yak were tired, so they made no attempt to wander away.

In a valley close by we noticed three graves, and were told that these were of priests who, each in his turn, had been the abbot, the oldest grave dating back 150 years ago. Then we remembered that in the temple, among the lesser deities, were the images of three priests, and the attendant monk acknowledged that those were the men. Evening and morning the monks burn three sticks of incense before each of these, as they do to all the other images, as well as to a tablet inscribed "Sacred Edict," while at the new and full moon they, in addition, light two candles at each shrine.

During the daytime travellers and coolies often come in to bow down before whichever of the idols they think best to thank for journeying mercies. On one occasion an elderly man, after looking round at all the images, made his obeisance to the biggest one, but being asked whom was he worshipping, the man looked confused, and admitted that he did not know, reminding one

Western China.

of the text, "Ye worship ye know not what." One of the principal men of a village in the great valley beyond the Pass has been living in the temple to be cured of opium, and though he has been a moderate smoker for twenty years, he has borne the privation so well that there are hopes of his being able to overcome the desire, so he has taken the medicine home with him to continue the cure, and this week my husband went to see him there.

On crossing the Pass a wonderful scene came into view. Beneath our feet the ground gradually slopes down 3,000 feet to the maddening torrent of the Min river, swollen by the summer rains, while from its further bank the mountains rise up almost perpendicularly, till they are one or two thousand feet higher than on our side; and immediately in front of us two parallel ranges meet, with their opposing ridges interlocking, such bastions of rocks as dwarf the pyramids of the Gorges.

Across the river, which seemed nearly 100 yards wide, was a bamboo suspension bridge, and beneath it the waters looked as if they were rushing along at twenty miles an hour, a giddy sight. The bridge was made of eight bamboo ropes placed side by side, each about four inches in diameter, crossed by short planks which were originally lashed down to these suspension cables,

The Provinces of

and on each side were four other similar bamboo ropes connected together every few yards by wooden uprights. The whole making a substantial structure, but it swayed from side to side beneath even one person's footsteps, and twenty feet below was the rushing torrent. The village was not far from the end of the bridge, where my husband was introduced to the opium smoker's father, who, with his neighbours, listened respectfully to the story of our Lord's life on earth and His death for us all.

On our return to Chen-too the mandarin's wife at Kwan Hsien invited us to spend the day at the mayor's residence. I went and found such a nice lady, with three young children, who made friends with our little girl. They came from one of the coast provinces. A year later we saw a large stone tablet just outside the city gate, which had been erected to the honour of this mayor. The one word "Love" was engraven on the centre of it, and lower down were the subscribers' names and date of presentation; for through his kindness to all classes the people wanted him to be long remembered in their town. Subsequently this lady got permission for Miss Fosbery, of our mission, to rent a house at Kwan Hsien, who thus became the first Protestant missionary to live there.

At one part of the journey home the path

Western China.

was under water, and the current too rapid for the chairmen to carry us downstream, though we met an official coming upstream, who, by the help of extra men, some of whom used ropes fastened to the front of the sedan chair and hauled it along, managed to travel the submerged path ; but we only had a few men, so like other travellers had to accept the help of some villagers who had placed a ladder against the steep rocks, and climb up to a higher path. Of course the villagers made a bargain, and we had to wait for that to be settled before resuming our journey. Fortunately for travellers the river does not remain thus high for long.

In the following spring, 1889, our Heavenly Father gave us a second daughter, but only to stay with us three weeks, for smallpox was prevalent, and she must have caught it the day of her birth, as on the tenth day the disease showed itself, increasing in severity until her sufferings ended in death ; for we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of heaven. Next morning, when we were obliged to bury her, it was the loveliest of spring days, making one feel how beautiful the road to Paradise must be. She was laid to rest beside another English child, where also the first lady missionary to Chen-too awaits the resurrection. A native workman inscribed a text in Chinese and the word

The Provinces of

"Daisy" on a slab, that now covers the tiny grave. The day our wee Daisy died a heathen service was going on in the same compound, for a sick man, our landlady's son-in-law, who recovered.

Western China.

CHAPTER XIII

SUMMER, 1889. We are again obliged to take a holiday, as during the great heat our only child constantly had fever, and became so ill that we longed to take her to the hills ; but where could we stay, for there were no bungalows in those days and the affairs of the temple at Niang-tze-ling had got into the law courts. It was evident, however, that the child's only hope of life was to go to the mountains, as she was getting too ill to take more than a teaspoonful of milk, etc., at a time, so we tried another temple that we had heard of, fifteen miles to the west of Kwan Hsien.

Starting one afternoon and resting in the middle of the next day, on account of the great heat, we reached Tien Sz Tung, *i.e.*, Heavenly Teacher's Cave, on the afternoon of the third day, and begged the Taoist priests to take us in. To our great relief they did so, giving us second class rooms at the back of the temple. The front rooms, which were beautifully fitted up, being

The Provinces of

reserved for officials and the rich merchants of Chen-too.

This temple is 2,000 feet above the plain, and stands in lovely grounds abounding with oaks, ash, maiden hair fern leaf trees, which are as large as elms, and many other trees. Travellers in China gradually recognise that woods only exist around temples. In all other places there is only the fringe of trees or bamboos surrounding farms and cemeteries, where the farm dogs keep off intruders ; for in winter the poor strip every tree they can to get firewood.

The grounds of this temple were a square mile in size, and the air delicious with breezes through the pines, so that as soon as we were settled in the rooms our little girl was able to take an egg. The foundation of the temple is more than 1,200 years old, as beneath the shelter of a rock is a stone tablet with an inscription, fifty years older than the Nestorian tablet, which publishes an edict of Kai-yuen forbidding the Buddhists to use the temple and confirming the possession of it to the Taoists. (See illustration of Kai-yuen's coins, some of which have the impress of a lady's finger nail on the back of the coin, said to have been made in the mould by Kai-yuen's Empress.)

During our little patient's convalescence my husband had frequent opportunities for conversa-

Western China.

tion with visitors from Chen-too, who would not be seen visiting a foreigner in the city. One day, too, when a monk was studying his Taoist prayer book, he showed it to my husband and the book fell open at the words, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was, when there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth." It was a discovery, though, unknown to us, other missionaries had found the passage in other parts of China. These words must have been copied from the eighth chapter of Proverbs by the old teacher Lee, who was the founder of the Taoists, since they are recorded as his words concerning himself! But the disciples of Confucius tell us that Teacher Lee was only born fifty years before Confucius, namely, 500 years after Solomon, the writer of Proverbs. Hence there had been ample time for Solomon's writings to have been translated, and brought to China, before the Taoist religion commenced.

In these grounds we wandered everywhere, never tiring of the beauties of our surroundings. From one point we overlook the plain stretching away eastward for fifty miles, with its sixteen towns and hundreds of market villages; while, at another part, on the other side of the grounds

The Provinces of

we wind along a tiny path like a balcony, on the edge of a precipice looking down into a ravine, where a stream flows over marble rocks hurrying to join the Min river; but our path leads up the mountain another 500 feet higher, where is perched a temple to Old Age, and even small-footed matrons with grey hairs tread this path in hopes thereby to merit longevity.

The villagers have got to know of our being here, and are bringing us fresh eggs and potatoes, always a treat to foreigners, but we get our cooked rice from the priests. On the 31st July my husband rose at 4 a.m. and ascended the highest ridge of these grounds, 4,000 feet above sea level, and thence in the clear morning air, saw four or five peaks of that chain of snow-clad mountains which here forms the geographical boundary of Thibet, these were 150 miles away in a straight line westwards. The best known long distance for seeing a mountain is the 120 miles at sea, from which the peak of Teneriffe is sighted.

After breakfast I was taken to see them. Alas, it was too late! for fleecy clouds were in the far west, blotting out the distant horizon; but our quest was not entirely in vain, as looking northwards we beheld the grandest panorama I have ever seen, range after range of limestone mountains, their long rolling slopes like billows of the sea, most of the ranges crossing the vista

Western China.

from east to west ; while far in the north the furthest peaks, 10,000 feet high, were seventy miles away. The Chinese are not a demonstrative race, but when, later on, with our little daughter and her nurse, we had clambered up the last crest of our observation ridge and the scene burst upon our view, even the Chinese nurse shouted with surprise.

The abbot of this temple was seventy years of age and blind, yet was much esteemed because he is a gentleman. He has two or three score of priests under him. In the centre of the temple is a tablet about eight feet high, on which were engraven the names and date of all the emperors who have reigned over the Chinese since the beginning of the world. From the Flood till now their chronology and ours is exactly the same, but previous to the Flood they give thousands of years instead of hundreds for the duration of the reigns of the patriarchs.

Nearly one hundred miles north of this place is Song-pan, a military frontier town, for all west of us is inhabited by the Si-fan, or border tribes, each governed by its own chief, who again is subject to the Chinese general at Song-pan, while more than 100 miles, as the crow flies, due south-west of Kwan Hsien, is a mountain peak whose slopes are always covered with glaciers, presenting to travellers across the Chen-too plain a sugar-

The Provinces of

loaf cone appearance. It is the highest mountain yet explored in China, rising to the great altitude of 25,590 feet, and is situated near Ta-chien Lu, on the main road to Thibet.

A missionary, writing to the "West China News," says Ta-chien Lu abounds in hot mineral springs. Within the city are almost a score of places where these springs bubble up out of the earth. In the palace of the Thibetan chief is a very fine one of sulphur water. One hot spring supplies a few large open tanks in which he keeps gold fish; and some of the private dwelling houses are supplied with hot water by aqueducts from these springs.

During our residence in the temple at Tien-Sz Tong, many of the worshippers there were men and women who came to enquire if sick relations could recover. For this purpose the priests use the two halves of a buffalo's hoof, and the enquirer having knelt down in front of the large idol, which (in addition to the ordinary eyes of a person's face) has a vertical eye in the centre of the forehead, a priest throws the two halves into the air. If both fall with the convex surfaces uppermost, all is well; if one convex and one concave uppermost then the result is indefinite, and if both surfaces are concave the patient is unlikely to recover. We were reminded of 2 Kings i. Likewise, when merchants or

Western China.

builders want to choose the luckiest of the almanac lucky days for commencing an enterprise they worship the same idol, and then a child draws from a bamboo cup one slip from the handful of numbered slips it contains. In addition to money that the worshippers paid the priests, they brought oil for the temple lamps, and candles for the idols.

On returning to Chen-too, we were soon full of work. In the compound of which our house is a section there are thirteen other families, including the landlady and her relatives. A Mrs. Liu has eleven looms in her three-roomed house, for making ribbons. In many of the side streets one or two families will be seen weaving silk or satin, even children make silk braids, and young men work the looms for broad ribbons.

Mrs. Liu has been ill in bed about eight months. I constantly visited her and urged her to believe in the Lord Jesus and she finally asked us to pray for her, promising if she got well to believe in our God. However, when she did get well enough to be about again she went to the chief city temple, and on her knees held lighted candles in her hands for two hours before an idol, thus returning thanks to it for her recovery. At another home in this compound a little fellow, about eleven years old, was suddenly taken dangerously ill. The poor boy was very worried

The Provinces of

because he had in some way insulted an idol shrine and thought he was being punished for his fault. He died the next day.

Another family of three generations in the compound were very nice, the grandsons so well behaved that if we met them coming from school, carrying their books, they were careful to bow to us, and while living there over two years we did not hear the mother and daughter-in-law once quarrel, which could not be said of the other families. One day, when explaining Genesis ix. 5, 6, to my weekly Bible class, the women became very communicative, and one women, in the presence of her daughter, now ten years old, told how she had tried to drown the child at its birth, but her mother-in-law prevented her committing the crime.

Our landlady's daughter-in-law is very ill with inflammation of the knee joint, but will only use native medicine. After trying many remedies, as a last resource, they have called in Taoist priests as exorcists, and have had an all-night service. At sunset the priests arrived with their cow's horns, trumpets, cymbals and drum, put up the idol pictures, and lighted many candles. At dark they began chanting prayers, which continued, with short intervals for rest, till midnight, every now and then sounding the instruments and firing off crackers. At midnight the

Western China.

priests threw sulphur on charcoal fires, and dancing themselves into a frenzy, pretended that they had caught the evil spirits of the disease between their cymbals, and then pretended to put them into jars. Supper was now served to the priests, after which they commenced chanting again; but at three o'clock in the morning, when all was still in the neighbourhood, they carried a paper figure of the sick woman out of the house, and dragging along clanking chains they burnt the figure on the public road, supposing that they were deceiving all other spirits into the belief that the patient was dead. This finished, they tied a three-coloured silk cord round the patient's neck and round her wrists, as a charm to prevent her soul from departing, and at dawn of day they returned to their temple. After a few days—for the patient survived this terrible night—I visited her and during the next two months often explained the Gospel to her, and she allowed me to take off the cord; but soon afterwards we left Chen-too, and subsequently heard that she died about the end of the year.

When I spoke to our landlady about allowing such a service, she replied, "If we had not done so her parents would have blamed my son for not doing the best he knew of for his wife."

In the Autumn we had to leave for a still more needy province, but I was sorry to part

The Provinces of

from the many women who had allowed us to know so much of their daily lives. However, they had all learnt the great truths of the Gospel, and most of them could repeat a few verses of Scripture. Of the patients attended here, in Chen-too, four were maternity cases, and this is the first time that such help was accepted in the West of China, from a foreign surgeon.

Western China.

CHAPTER XIV

THE province of Kuei-Cheo lies south of the Yang-tze, and its capital is reached by a road commencing at Chung-king and going due south for 300 miles.

Dr. James Cameron, who had travelled in seventeen out of the eighteen provinces of China proper, used to say that this province was unique in its configuration, as its surface is a plateau crowded with conical peaks, which we suppose are like the kopjes of the Transvaal.

We reached Chung-king from Chen-too early in December, 1889, and at once commenced preparations for the journey into Kuei-cheo, but could not find any European to tell us what would be needed on the road travelling in winter. Our only child being delicate from repeated attacks of malarial fever, we were anxious to start before the great cold set in, and thinking that food could be bought along the road, as on our journey down from Chen-too, took very few stores. Still, we were unable to get off till the day after Christmas.

The Provinces of

Having crossed the Yang-tze just opposite the city of Chung-king, we landed on the south bank, and had at once to toil up the steep ascent, three miles long, of the range of mountains described in a former chapter, to the base of the great pagoda 1,500 feet above the river. Here we said good-bye to the only Russian missionary we have known, who for twenty years had been an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Through his labours portions of Scriptures have been sold in most of the prefectural cities of Sz-chuan.

It was fine weather and for the next two days our way was through valleys, in which we passed orange groves, and in some parts followed a stream bordered by waving bamboos, while all around were ferns and flowers and rocky places covered with a rich carpet of moss.

This particular region enjoys more sunshine than any other part of the journey, as its long slopes face the south, and being the part best known to the people of Kuei-cheo and Yun-nan, has given rise to their saying, "The winds of Yun-nan, the rain of Kuei-cheo, and the sunshine of Sz-chuan;" but throughout Sz-chuan, north of the Yang-tze, there are as many cloudy days as clear ones.

We had now reached Chi-kiang Hsien, a border town, and after resting the Sunday began the

Western China.

worst part of the journey, at noon we had ascended and descended 2,000 feet, and in the afternoon ascended again, this time 2,500 feet. The next day's journey was over still higher ranges, when we saw the conical peaks of Kuei-cheo covered with snow. But our child was ill with bronchitis, so we stopped next day to nurse her, though we were in a cheerless inn with only a coal fire burning in a hole in the earth floor of our bedroom, and emitting such pungent fumes of sulphur that the bed could not be placed near it. Fortunately a coolie was able to buy charcoal by going to a village five miles away for it. Next day, as the child was better, and we dared not take her into higher altitudes, we retraced our steps to Chung-king, and as we approached a warmer climate she daily improved, though on regaining the mission house was too weak to stand alone.

In March, however, our little daughter was strong enough for us to make the attempt again, which we did, taking plenty of stores, with an extra coolie to carry one hundredweight of charcoal.

It was the third day out from Chi-kiang Hsien in Sz-chuan that we entered the province of Kuei-cheo, having in the forenoon climbed one great mountain, five miles of steep ascent, up to the huge stone tablet, marking the boundary

The Provinces of

between the two provinces, 5,000 feet above sea level. During the past two days we have seen, far down in the valleys below us, the Chi Kiang (river) along which are some great smelting furnaces, as iron abounds in this region, they look about fifty feet in height and twenty in diameter. On account of the heat in summer the furnaces are only worked in the winter time. A day and a half's journey within the province we crossed what might be named Half-way Pass, though locally called the Wolf's Den. This also is of 5,000 feet altitude, and although less than a quarter of a mile long and barely 100 yards wide, is surrounded by nine hill tops, and further on, that is, two days before reaching Kuei-yang, we crossed the third great Pass called Snowpoint Hill, also 5,000 feet in altitude; while nearly every day we had to go far down into the intervening valleys to stop at a market town for the night. It is a hard journey for a family in winter.

The people living on these mountains were very poor, as the road was chiefly made for coolies carrying salt and sugar into the province. The five days in Sz-chuan are over a well-paved road three feet wide, made of stone blocks, each three feet long and more than half a foot broad, placed close together side by side; but the ten days in Kuei-cheo are over a path ten feet wide made of marble cobbles of pink, purple, or black

Western China.

colour streaked with white, very slippery in wet weather and much broken up by the pack mules.

After entering the province at the boundary stone, one descends a long steep hill through a wild gorge—the last time we passed this way there were the remains of two brigands' heads at the bridge over the gorge, and the grave of the victim they had robbed—this led us into Song-Kan, the frontier customs station. This town consists of shanties only, without even one good inn, yet it ought to be a flourishing place, as so much salt and sugar pass through, but alas, in exchange the province only sends out opium, and, in much smaller quantities, Tussock silk.

The silk is of two qualities, the better from silkworms fed on mulberry leaves, the other from those fed on oak leaves, and much of this latter is made into waterproof sheets at the city of Tsen-i Fu, by saturating it with the oil of the varnish-nut tree, which abounds there, and these sheets are used by travellers for wrapping round their bedding.

Before leaving Sz-chuan, we travelled through some pretty glens, crossing and recrossing the stream by good wooden bridges, but in Kuei-cheo most of the bridges are of stone. After crossing Half-way Pass we descended into the Tong-chih Hsien valley, the name means varnish-

The Provinces of

nut trees, and the valley is sixty miles long, leading into Tsen-i Fu, whence another thirty miles brings one to the Wu Kiang, meaning Black river.

The whole route is a good rice-growing district, but when we passed it in the end of winter there was nothing but opium to be seen, and when the opium season is prolonged, the villagers become so busy with it that they delay sowing their rice, until it is too late to get a fully developed crop of rice. The hill sides are fairly covered with trees, a few cypress and chili pines, but many Scotch firs ; and north of Tsen-i plenty of varnish trees, while south of Tsen-i these last are fewer, giving place, however, to maples, which are as conspicuous there as beech trees are in England. Strange to say, beech are the only European trees we have not seen in the West of China, though near Tsen-i there are a few trees which are something like a beech and something like a birch.

At the northern end of the valley is a snowy white cliff some 200 feet high, formed by an anticlinal ridge of limestone facing the valley like a sentinel. Here and in many places along the road were temples, and on one of our subsequent journeys every temple had a few worshippers who, with gongs, were celebrating the goddess of mercy's birthday. We longed to stop and

Western China.

preach at some of the temples, but borne as we are by opium-smoking chair-bearers, there is no time to leave the public road until the day's stage is done, for fear of night overtaking us on the road.

Tsen-i is the chief city in the north of Kuei-cheo, but was still very anti-foreign, and of recent times the Roman Catholic missionaries had been driven out of it. On reaching the Wu Kiang, that is, the Black river, we had a steep descent of 1,000 feet to get on board the ferry boat, and then about 1,500 feet to climb up the other side to reach the market village, where we stopped for the night.

The Black river comes from the eastern border of the province of Yun-nan, and flows right across this province, to join the Yang-tze in Sz-chuan. North of it the mountains are chiefly of limestone, though near Tsen-i there is some sandstone; but south of the Black river one enters a region of shale which, in many places, has a slatey cleavage, hence the Chinese call it "the thousand layer stone." In wet weather shale has a black appearance, and as the river flows through countless gorges of this dark rock, and has black marble strewn in massive boulders throughout its course, making it un-navigable, we suppose that its name is derived from the colour of the rocks.

The Provinces of

A few years ago the natives had a suspension bridge of iron chains from one cliff to another across the river, and one of our missionaries crossed it, but it was destroyed during a storm, and has not been renewed. The next three days was fairly level, a plateau, 4000 feet above the sea, where the main road lies over Snowpoint Hill, along this road icicles a foot long were hanging from the eaves of the cottages.

This province used to abound with chamois, as on this journey we met coolies carrying bundles containing scores of their skins, but of recent years we have not seen so many. And in the winding valleys that lie between one mountain and another, amongst the privet and cornel bushes, we often saw on fine days brown orioles and other birds especially doves. The orioles are as large as thrushes, but coloured like robin red-breasts, and are the sweetest songsters in China. In a sheltered valley, when snow was lying on the ground, the road lay by a fir tree covered with what looked like huge white blossoms, but on approaching it we found the blossoms were snowy white cranes.

Western China.

CHAPTER XV

AT last, April, 1890, we are nearing the capital of the province, and away up on yonder hill a white umbrella shows that Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clarke, with their two eldest daughters are waiting to receive us. Till these last few days Mrs. Clarke has been the only foreign lady in the province, which is a little larger than England and Wales, though previous to their settling here there had been a few other ladies, so readers can imagine what this meeting meant to us and to our children. Soon we were joined by the native Christians who were rejoicing, as they had given up all hopes of our coming after having had to turn back 100 miles at Christmas time.

Protestant work was commenced by our Mission here about twenty-five years ago ; and at this time there were (including a few recently gone to open a C.I.M. station in An-shuen Fu) about forty Christians, of whom four are Aborigines who can speak Chinese.

The Provinces of

We now made the last descent, and suddenly the double city of Kuei-yang lay before us, a splendid sight. It more than half fills a plain about five miles long and two broad, much of the unoccupied part of the plain being covered with the brilliant yellow flower of the vegetable oil plant; while towering above every building in the new city is the Roman Catholic cathedral, with its clock which can be seen or heard for a mile in every direction.

We were assigned the new mission house of six rooms between the north and west gates of the new city, and here commenced a very happy time of medical missionary work, which was rendered easier by Mr. Thomas Windsor having already treated 200 opium-smoking patients in a refuge, besides rescuing many attempted suicides. This province is the second in China for producing opium, Yun-nan coming first. During our residence here more than twenty coolies, carrying in all one ton of opium, came into the city every day. Most of them were on their way to the province of Canton, bringing back in exchange English calico, American paraffin, and Continental fancy goods.

At midsummer a third daughter was born to us, and when she was four months old my husband went back to Chung-king to escort his Mother here; but they having been delayed by

Western China.

illness, I did not see my husband again for four months, when, with his mother, their cook and his wife (who had formerly been one of my school girls in Yang-chow), they all reached Kuei-yang safely in March, 1891, and our work again went on at full swing. Some days I have seen a row of sedan chairs in our garden belonging to gentlemen come for advice. During the past year I had a weekly class for the Christian women, and this continued another four years, during which we read together the whole of the Old Testament.

This spring, 1891, a rich widow wished to give in marriage one of her daughters, and as the three years of mourning for her late husband had expired, she prepared for him a farewell service. It lasted five days, and took place in their guest hall, but the paper servants, houses, boats and even a bank were too large to be put into their house, so these were placed around the garden. Upon a platform was the head servant, with imitation ingots of silver and gold hanging from his belt, and a cup of blood at his side; and on the last day every article was sprinkled with fowl's blood. In reply to our questions, they said, "These things are for the husband's use in the other world, and hungry spirits will try to seize them on the long journey, but when they see the blood they will be afraid to touch

The Provinces of

them." The priests chanted for four days, and on the fifth all the things were taken to a waste place outside the city and burnt. The widow now felt she was free to participate in the festivities of her daughter's marriage.

In this city we saw a good deal of domestic slavery, which is very common in China. The rich buy girls from poor families, and these become the property of the lady of the house, and have to wait hand and foot upon her and the young ladies. They are always spoken of as "my slave," and at feasts have to hold their mistress's water pipe, for the whiff of smoke which punctuates every conversation. Those who enter kind families are well taken care of, and when old enough are married to the men servants; but sometimes their lot is a hard one, so much depending on the general household. We have often heard a policeman going round the town sounding a gong and giving the description of a runaway slave girl. When found they, of course, get beaten by their mistresses, and sometimes so severely as to die from the effects.

Some of these girls have been stolen from their parents. Once our water carrier told us that his son had returned from a long journey bringing with him two girls whom he was trying to hide. We strongly suspected that they were stolen, for the young man, though able to earn an honest

Western China.

livelihood, was a ne'er-do-well. From many observations I venture to state that hundreds of girls are taken from the west of China to the coast, some of whom go to the International settlement in Shanghai, where my husband saw a few of the younger ones being kept in a house, whose inner front doors were of crossed bars of thick wood, so that the girls could see into the road and be spoken to. They were well fed and clothed, but were prisoners, as they could not escape.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XVI

DURING the four years of uninterrupted work in Kuei-yang, amongst the patients were the following cases : A silver refiner, treated many months for dropsy, was relieved three times and had become so much better that once he walked half a mile up hill to the dispensary chapel, until one winter's night his neighbour's house caught fire, and he had to spend the night on the street, which resulted in a fatal chill ; but having often heard the Gospel, the morning before his death he told his relations that God was angry with him for having idols in the house, and got them to help him to destroy every image and vestige of idolatry in his rooms ; and that evening, looking upwards, he prayed, " O God, let me depart in peace," when in a few minutes he gently breathed his last.

A cowherd boy, running away from home, fell from the city wall, and broke his left thigh bone and the left side of his jaw. Next day the superintendent of police for our section of the city committed him to my husband's care, as

Western China.

the native doctors were unable to get him to take food. Splints were at once applied to the leg and a suspensory weight attached to the foot, and being fed with liquid food, the boy began to improve, but at the end of a week our charwoman said to him, "What's the use of keeping on those splints so long. My son broke his ankle" (really only sprained it) "and our doctors only bandaged it for three days, when it was quite well again." On hearing this the boy took off his splints, but found that his leg was far too painful for him to even attempt to leave his bed. Half an hour afterwards we heard what had happened, and the boy saw for himself that the broken leg had suddenly become three inches shorter than the other one, so he was quite willing to be put in splints again, and was always after this a docile patient. A few days after admittance he was shown a picture of Joseph in the pit. On hearing the story and seeing that the colour of the sandy ground of the pit was just the colour of the city wall where he had tumbled down and yet been rescued, he exclaimed "That's me, that's me." Later on Mrs. Pruen, senior, taught him in Chinese St. John iii. 16. In three months he had quite recovered, without any shortening of the leg, and returned home. He afterwards visited us twice, and could repeat his text.

The Provinces of

Another patient was an ex-secretary who had broken the neck of his thigh bone. His servant came and saw the boys in splints and so satisfied his master with the probable benefit of treatment, that this gentleman endured the long splint for ten days, and other means for three months, and made a good recovery. During this time he read a copy of the Gospels at least once.

The most distinguished patient was the eldest grand-daughter of a provincial governor, who had dislocated her big toe. This, in a young lady's small bound foot, was practically one-third of the foot. After two days—other attempts having failed—they sent for my husband, who, without chloroform, was able to reduce the dislocation and at the end of a month the patient could walk about freely. She was already engaged, and in the following year married a gentleman, who was at once made mayor.

One morning a mandarin came to the dispensary about some trifling ailment, and then said, "I know the Gospel, as I have heard missionaries preaching in my native place, Tai-yuen, the capital of Shansi." From there he had come 1,000 miles by overland journey, and was now on his way still further west. My husband gave him a copy of one of the Gospels, and a few days later, happening to be out on the road to Yun-

Western China.

nan, saw this same gentleman sitting in his sedan chair reading the Gospel.

Leprosy is very common in China, and on Sunday some of the inmates of the Poor House used to come and sit in the portico to hear our service. One of these, a leper, came very regularly, and after a year or two was asked if he had obtained the forgiveness of sins, to which he at once replied, "Yes," explaining that it was a dream which had given him assurance, saying, "One night I dreamt that an angel came and said 'The Saviour is waiting at the dispensary chapel to see you,' so getting my staff, I hobbled along, but on arriving there, was told that the Saviour had passed on to the old mission chapel; so I went on to it, but only to find that He had just gone back to heaven. Then I awoke, but felt sure that the dream was given me to know that my sins were forgiven." Seven years afterwards my husband met another of those old inmates, who told him that the leper had died a Christian.

But one of the last cases was a very sad one. We were called to a mother of two or three young children, who was dangerously ill with pleurisy, and her husband was far away, in the employ of an official. We found that her sister-in-law, a robust woman, was mistress of the house, and we could not get her to give the patient nourishing food, in particular not allowing

The Provinces of

her to have eggs, but a newly laid egg might be rubbed over her body, to draw out the evil influence of the spell by which, they said, some unknown Aborigines when passing the door had bewitched her. One day, seeing her much weaker, I begged they would give her something stronger than rice gruel, and said, "She will surely die unless you take more care of her," when the sister-in-law exclaimed angrily, "Who wants her to die, for her marriage settlement cost us fifty ounces of silver!" But in a few days the poor young mother died. Her case long haunted me, the utter lack of comforts, neither parents nor husband near, and not a ray of hope could she see beyond the grave to cheer her sad ending.

While in Kuei-yang we were continually urging the parents of city born young girls, who were in danger of consumption, to place their daughters for a time with relatives on some mountain farm. The father of one such girl was in the employ of a mandarin, and though a strict Buddhist himself, allowed his wife and daughter to join the Christians. Subsequently he went with the mandarin to Kuei-lin, the capital of the next province. Some months afterwards mother and daughter determined to follow the father to that province, Kwang-si, though they both had bound feet and the daughter had never left her home before, but by the aid of mountain chairs they

Western China.

travelled the 300 miles overland to Kuei-lin, and there learnt that the mandarin had gone to Canton. The journey, however, had done wonders for the girl's health, so they at once embarked on a junk and went by water the 400 miles to Canton, only, however, to learn that the mandarin had gone to Shanghai. They had scarcely ever seen a picture of the sea, but they had learnt to know Him who said to the waves "Peace, be still." So, nothing daunted, they travelled by steamer to Shanghai, only to be again disappointed, for the mandarin had obtained office in the centre of China ; but after being greatly cheered by a visit to our mission house in Shanghai, they travelled by a river steamer the 600 miles to Hankow, where the brave woman found her husband. Soon afterwards mother and daughter became matron and teacher in a mission school at Wu-chang, just across the river ; and a few years later we heard that the missionaries greatly valued them.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the autumn of 1891 we paid a fortnight's visit to An-shuen Fu, where the commander-in-chief for the province resides. Here a missionary was working quite alone, but he had a good native helper, whose wife was the Bible-woman. Our children were with us, and we had a very pleasant time. Mr. Adam, the missionary, showed us a cave outside the city said to extend a mile and a half under ground, we went about fifty yards into it, and there found a large room, perhaps thirty feet high. The entrance to the cave is guarded by a temple much resorted to by men and women at holiday times. Around the city some of the hills look truncated, from being composed of horizontal layers of shalestone, and it is this formation that allows of the long caves. In the grounds of another temple we saw filbert nuts growing, and during one of our rambles picked deep blue forget-me-nots, while in some parts of the province we have gathered large raspberries.

Western China.

This city, politically the second in the province, is three days' journey from Kuei-yang, and is surrounded by villages, thickly populated with Aborigines, who come every three or five days to a market just outside the city. One morning we saw about 2,000 of them in their own costume of various tribes, the women wearing tight-sleeved jackets and short pleated skirts. One tribe have jackets resembling Gordon Highlanders, others, from the large pattern of their embroidery, are called the flowery tribe, while the largest tribe we know is named the Black tribe. These last wear their hair fastened coquettishly at the side of the head with a porcupine quill, and most of the tribes wear neither shoes nor stockings. The men's clothes resemble a Buddhist priest's dress, but instead of shaving the head they plait the back of their hair into two queues, which, with the rest of their hair, they make into a tuft at the front of the head.

On this visit we could have counted on our fingers the number of Aborigines who had heard the Gospel, but of recent years Mr. and Mrs. Adam have received crowds of them to attend the Sunday services, some coming long distances to spend from Saturday to Monday on the mission premises, bringing their own rice, but having fuel given to them. Now they have a few small schools for the children of Christians ; and Mr.

The Provinces of

Clarke has translated one of the Gospels into their own language.

1892.—This year we have in Kuei-yang as a Biblewoman Mrs. Pan, who, with her husband, a mason, is a member of the Black tribe, but they both speak and dress like the Chinese. On dispensary days Mrs. Pan helps to receive the women patients, and once a week goes out with me to villages around our station. As often as she could find an acquaintance to introduce us to a village, we were pretty sure of a respectful hearing, otherwise the people were suspicious of our motives and would scarcely look at us. For instance, we ventured to visit a place about five miles away, nestled amongst low hills, covered with wild chestnut and Turkey oak trees, where a small river ran past one side. As usual, our children were with us. The first time all went well, as the mistress of one house asked us in and gave us tea, and many women and girls gathered to hear us speak, and on leaving they invited us to come again. We made a second visit and were well received, but on a third occasion I noticed that as we approached the path which led down into the village, all the women and children suddenly disappeared, and the front door of the houses were shut, so that on entering the village only one old man was to be seen, and we said to him, "Grandfather, we

Western China.

are very tired after this long walk, do please give us a cup of tea," but he only answered, "The women are all away, and when we begged for water to drink with our lunch, he was still obdurate, we had just to return home. Afterwards the native Biblewoman went alone, thinking they objected to a foreigner. In all, we tried eight or nine times, but without avail, subsequently learning that the village elder had vetoed our reception.

The same thing had happened to me years before, nearer the coast, when I had tried to enter a certain village but could not gain admittance to any house, until a long time afterwards a young woman gave us an invitation to that village, and came to lead us thither. We took the evangelist with us, so that the people should have no difficulty in understanding, and to our surprise were asked to the best house in the place where the village elder and his wife, both over seventy, welcomed and entertained us to tea. Over the front door was a large congratulatory tablet, six feet long, presented by neighbours on this old gentleman's seventieth birthday. Then we learnt that our invitation was due to my having dressed a little child's serious burn, though I had no recollection of the case.

In September the Kuei-yang evangelist invited us to visit a relative of his, a farmer, living

The Provinces of

amongst the hills twelve miles east of this city. My husband went to explore the place, but alas, when they reached the farm were told that masked robbers had attacked it a few nights previously, doors and windows had been broken, though now repaired, and a wedding trousseau stolen. As soon as the house was broken into the inmates had been too frightened to resist, and escaped into the trees and bushes until the robbers had taken all they wanted. Next day the family again took possession and got an extra man or two to sleep on the premises, and on the upper story had baskets filled with stones to throw at the robbers if again attacked. However, my husband rented a room in the nearest village, and on the following Saturday we went there with our two children and cook, but my heart sank as we entered the room, with its mud floor, dirty walls, and straw pallets still dirtier, for I saw at once we must be out all day to avoid becoming ill, so we went into a pretty country lane, but on returning for dinner found that the head men of the village were very angry with us and had come to express their disapproval of our being in their midst, to which we replied that if the village elder would provide us with chair coolies we could at once leave, as our men had already returned home. This he would not do, so we sent off a messenger to Kuei-yang

Western China.

for our men to come early on Monday, and we were left in peace ; but at 10 p.m. were awakened by the sound of a gong and of men running to and fro on the streets. We hurriedly dressed, fearing a mob, but in less than an hour things became quieter, and we were told that the village priest had notified every family they would be fined if we were allowed to stay any longer than Monday morning.

After breakfast on Sunday we walked up the hill to the farm, which is in the midst of lovely scenery, with shady walks amongst walnut trees and chestnuts, where we sat and enjoyed ourselves, and the kind farmer gave us a good Chinese dinner of rice and vegetables. Later in the afternoon we returned to the inn.

This evening happened to be the heathen festival of all souls, and we had a splendid opportunity of witnessing it. On the tenth day of the seventh month a paper ancestral tablet is placed in front of the chief wooden tablet in every guest hall, and before it is laid an offering of peaches, pears and other delicacies, with a pot of sprouting grain. This is left for three days, candles being lighted and incense burnt before the tablet, and on the evening of the thirteenth, tables were brought out to the street in front of each house and spread with cooked rice, vermicelli, brinjal (egg plant), vegetables and

The Provinces of

wine. Chairs were then placed round the tables and the invisible guests invited to partake of the food. While they were supposed to be eating, great piles of paper cash were placed in the street, this money being in envelopes and addressed to every ancestor they could remember for five generations. In some cities I have seen men sitting for a month before the festival, addressing envelopes for those who could not write. On each envelope is written the name of the person, their age and relationship, and date of death. On the top of these piles of paper-money were placed the sprouting wheat, and coloured pictures of horses, the wheat being for the horses to eat while carrying the money to the unseen world. Along the roadside were lighted candles and incense. After a while the invisible guests were politely bowed away, and the food from the tables was put quickly down at several street corners for hungry spirits who had no descendants to minister to them ; and now the villagers thought that the ancestral spirits would not trouble them for another year by causing illness or accidents.

I cannot help thinking that it is this ancestral worship which makes the Chinese think they do not need the Gospel ; their great hope being to have sons who, when their elders have departed this life, shall continually sacrifice to their spirits,

Western China.

and pay priests to pray to the judges of the unseen world to deal leniently with them. Amongst the rich these ceremonies are performed in their courtyards instead of on the streets.

Next morning, Monday, our men came early and we had a safe journey back. In fact, the village elder, who was half blind, when he had seen what we really were like, apologised for having asked us to hurry away; but we felt sure that the priest was in league with the band of robbers mentioned.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XVIII

THIS province of Kuei-cheo and the neighbouring one of Yun-nan are still partly inhabited by a race of people considerably shorter in stature than the Chinese, and called by them Miao-tz, while these call their despoilers by the euphonious title of Keh-Kia, which is pronounced Hak-ka nearer the coast and means the visitors. From their similarity to the Hill tribesmen on the frontier of Burmah, the writer thinks that these Miao-tz entered China from Burmah, and for some generations were cave dwellers through fear of the many wild animals in that region, and thus became shortened in stature. Eventually they overran all southern China except the sea coast, while the Chinese occupied northern China, the two nations being long separated by the mighty Yang-tze.

As regards the Chinese themselves, when Abraham in Palestine was saying to Lot "Is not the whole land before us, if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right," even

Western China.

at that time a great company of the wanderers from Babel, travelling round the north of Thibet, had reached the region where Peking now is; and while some of them said "We are satisfied with these Mongolian steppes for our horses and goats," others of them said "We prefer a warmer climate for our cattle and sheep," and therefore travelled south and occupied the plain of northern China, thus becoming the Chinese nation.

The date is fixed by the death of the first king of these Asiatic wanderers having occurred at the time of Abraham's birth; and his body was probably dried with quick lime, as the Chinese state that this king, named Hsia-ü, was subsequently buried on the south side of the Yang-tze, recalling to our minds the long interval that elapsed between Joseph's death in Egypt and the time of the Exodus, when Moses took the bones of Joseph with him.

It was not, however, till Kublai Khan had founded the Yuen dynasty, A.D. 1280 to 1368, that the Chinese invaded the south-west of China, and conquered the Miao-tz. In this dynasty the Miao-tz only gave their conquerors tribute, but the next rulers of China, the Ming dynasty, A.D. 1368 to 1644, made military roads through their provinces and bridged their rivers; and at the same time appointed mandarins to all their important centres, as witnessed by the

The Provinces of

honorary portals erected to the memory of those mandarins who had been true to the emperor and kind to the people. These portals are still existing at Kuei-yang, An-shuen, and other places ; while in the south of this province many graves record the history of those times.

On one of the hilltops surrounding Tuh-san Cheo is a row of six tombs, where lie a Chinese colonist and his son and daughter-in-law, who all emigrated, probably by imperial command, from an eastern province into Yun-nan, but there the old gentleman died. Then the son and daughter-in-law brought his body back 1,000 li, *i.e.*, more than 300 miles, to this place, where perhaps their money was exhausted, and here they buried him—his name was on the tombstone, with the Ming dynasty date—and themselves settled down in this town of Tuh-san Cheo, and had three sons. This worthy man was then made a Kung-sêng, *i.e.*, honorary doctor of laws ; and in a good old age husband and wife were buried beside the old man ; and in their turn the three sons were laid beside them, filling the other three graves. They had married, probably Miao-tz women, leaving a fourth generation also buried here, and so on. For on a large stone tablet close by are recorded the names and burial places of this family for twelve generations, and the next three generations are still living in

Western China.

the neighbourhood. Even as David wrote, "The righteous shall be had in! everlasting remembrance."

Fifteen years ago half the population of Kuei-cheo were probably Chinese, another quarter were half castes, and only the remaining quarter were Aborigines. Now the Chinese population is rapidly increasing, as year by year immigrants have been coming from Sz-chuan. During the last year we were in the province of Kuei-cheo, fifteen thousand persons entered it on account of the three years' drought in Sz-chuan. They came in families, the grandmother carried by two men in an armchair arranged as a sedan, while little children were in baskets, one basket slung from each end of a short flat pole, borne on the shoulder by their father ; but the women and bigger children had to walk. In the day-time they stop for meals at any sheltered spot, to light a brushwood fire and cook their rice and vegetables in the open-air ; but at night they always stopped at an inn.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XIX

IN January, 1893, our youngest daughter was born, but a month afterwards I became ill with the malarial fever, so prevalent in this province, the young lady mentioned later on had it, and another young mother in this city of Kuei-yang, but while I had intelligent nursing and survived, the other two patients died. How often we have longed that many who understand nursing would go out to these needy ladies, and earn the praise of Him who said, "I was sick and ye visited Me."

During this year we saw the heathen priests perform the ceremony of "sweeping the streets." After pretending with a stick to drive away evil spirits from each nook and corner of the thoroughfare, the priests went round to every house collecting money, and pasted a paper, coloured according to the amount of subscription given, on the gate posts, and then assembled at the most suitable house, where, arrayed in red and yellow robes, they chanted prayers in hopes of averting pestilence.

Western China.

During an epidemic of relapsing fever, the natives in the city died by scores. Many of the patients were so poor they only had straw to cover them, and when my husband was attending one or two members of a family, he often had to tell others to borrow bedding, or wait till the worst cases had been treated for themselves to undergo the perspiration treatment, as our resources were taxed to the uttermost. In this province epidemics occur in winter, as in summer time heavy rains wash the streets clean.

Attracted by the medical work and by our having adopted the same Chinese surname as himself, a young married gentleman often visited our house, and once took dinner with us. He was very interested in our American organ, and was always most courteous in manner, as the Chinese usually are.

In the summer time his mother, the wife of an ex-mayor, called and asked me to see her daughter, who was ill, so my mother-in-law and another missionary lady went instead, but their hostess, after entertaining them, sent to say it was myself that was wanted, they supposing I could prescribe for the illness. So next day I went, taking an illustrated Scripture roll, fearing it would be my only chance of talking with the patient. She was a pretty young lady of eighteen years, but I found that her rooms were in a

The Provinces of

damp part of the house and that she was suffering from malarial fever. I had a long talk with her mother, and urged her to allow my husband to attend the daughter, but she replied, "We cannot allow a gentleman to see her." And in a few months she died.

This year we saw the funeral of a young French priest, who died from fever. The natives told us that when delirious he would call for his sisters,—he was one of a large family. The coffin was covered with a red pall and a great number of Roman Catholic schoolboys dressed in white went before, holding between them a long white cord attached to the bier, which was carried by about forty coolies. In the procession was an image of the Virgin Mary and a large vase of "holy" water. A few days later we saw the bishop, an old gentleman with long white hair, for he was about eighty years of age.

During the autumn some neighbours, who more than once had given us introductions to their relations living in the villages, wanted one of their sons, aged seventeen years, to be married, but their grandmother, who lived with them, was dangerously ill, and if she should die the wedding ought not to take place for another three years. However, in eight days more there would be a lucky day, so the elders of the family came to the dispensary for any medicine which

Western China.

would relieve the symptoms. Happily for all, the case proved amenable to treatment, so that she rallied. The wedding was performed with all due honours, and the young bride—a very sensible girl—took her turn in nursing the old lady, who survived the wedding about a week.

Next year a little grandson was born into the family, but when three months old he, alas, fell ill, and after trying medicines in vain, priests were called in to chant. A paper tablet with the grandmother's name was placed in the guest hall, and during the service words to this effect were addressed to it by the family, bowing down, saying, "O grandmother, this year we are poor, as grain is dear, but please do not injure us (*i.e.*, the child), for as soon as grain is cheaper we will provide more liberally for you at your grave." The child gradually recovered.

Late in the autumn, while outside the city for a walk, we saw men and women burning paper clothes called *han-e*, or winter clothing, for the dead. It is a national custom kept up by the rich, but seems very childish. Paper clothes made to look like wadded garments are put in paper trunks and carried to the graves, where they are burnt with more or less ceremony according to the wealth of the family.

My weekly class for Christian women was now well attended, amongst them was a poor woman

The Provinces of

nearly eighty years old, whose two sons were opium smokers, and of course did not trouble much about their old mother. At New Year's time she came to tell me that she had been praying for food, when one day she met a Chinese gentleman in the street who gave her a ticket for a good amount of rice: for there are many people amongst the Chinese who "do good deeds," especially in winter, when they give away wadded garments and open Congee (rice gruel) kitchens. This old woman was nearly always first at the class, saying she walked so slowly that she needed to start early. One day in class she began to weep, and on being asked the reason, said, "Oh, why did I not hear these good words in my youth, when I could have understood them easily, it is so hard to learn now." After leaving Kuei-yang we heard that both the sons gave up their opium, and were kind to their mother.

Before leaving this city we learnt from an old lady the explanation of their custom for a favourite son being dressed in what may be called Joseph's coat of many colours. Such boys wear them usually from infancy till about ten years old. The parents or interested relatives get friends to give them cuttings from new material of different colours, provided neither black nor white are used, and these tiny bits are made up into an outside best gown, hence it represents many good wishes.

Western China.

Another very common heathen custom is to give little boys depreciatory names, such as Broom, Dog, Cat. This is done to deceive any spirits that might have a grudge against the parents and want to snatch the child away. But a girl's life not being thought so important in her parent's home, though they often love her very much, she will be called the prettiest name they can choose ; and a gentleman speaking of his friend's daughters to their father will call them each " a thousand pieces of gold."

One other way of their trying to protect a little boy from evil spirits is for the parents to dedicate him to some temple, as if they were copying Hannah's example, and the child, instead of wearing a coat of many colours, wears a grey coat cut to resemble a priest's, and cap and shoes the same without any embroidery. But when the boy is twelve years old a redemption ceremony is performed, and the boy then discards his priest's clothes for ordinary ones, the priests pretending that the boy has developed some defect which would render him unfit for the priesthood.

In Kuei-yang, as perhaps in all provincial capitals, the Literati have erected large alms-houses for gentlefolk, the one here containing 100 widows with their children, each family in a separate house. These almshouses are in a different part of the city from the Poor House, where the leper lived.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XX

IN the autumn of 1893 we had the privilege of visiting Tuh-san Cheo, one of the most southernly stations in our Mission, which had been recently opened by Messrs. Rogers and Burden from Australia. It is six days' journey beyond Kuei-yang, and one of the Christians, an exceptionally intelligent woman, accompanied us. A few years ago, because she had no son, her opium-smoking husband had turned her out of her home in order to marry another woman, but their daughter soon ran away from the step-mother to rejoin her own mother, with whom she has remained, and both have become Christians. On the journey this Biblewoman was most kind to our two eldest children, and in the evenings sat in the guest room of the inn with women visitors till 10 p.m., to preach the Gospel to them. In the latter half of the journey the people had never seen an English child before.

The road led us over or around high hills, sometimes by the side of a ravine and some-

Western China.

times over a mountain pass. We traversed a well-wooded glen, its bushes covered with red, pink, and white berries, and here we gathered large wild raspberries, but their branches resemble brambles rather than raspberry canes.

In this region the village people are either Aborigines or half castes, mostly with unbound feet, though a few had bound them to imitate their superiors the Chinese. What interested us most about them was that the Aborigines had no idols in their houses, and that at the village shrines, instead of two Chinese idols, they had, as the symbol of Deity, only a single boulder from the nearest stream, unsculptured and unengraved, but sometimes accompanied by a pair of stalactites as accessories. Dr. Paton, of the New Hebrides, has written of the Australian Aborigines, "their idols are pieces of stone." Subsequently at a large street shrine inside the city we saw Chinese gaudy idols in the alcove, while thrown down beneath them were the worship-stones of the Aborigines, apparently no longer used.

On arriving we had a hearty welcome from the brethren, who have already gained the goodwill of many of the townsfolk. Tuh-san, meaning lonely hill, is perhaps the long ago site of the town, as the present city is built on the western part of a plain about six miles long and over a

The Provinces of

mile wide. The trees here are the same as at Kuei-yang, but there are more bamboo groves and a great many persimmon trees, resembling chestnut in size and with a brilliant orange-coloured fruit as large as an orange, which has (when one has got accustomed to it) a delicious flavour, its pulp being more gelatinous than that of oranges. In the autumn large quantities of the fruit are dried, when they taste like pressed figs and are sent to distant places.

One day, outside the city, we got into conversation with a countrywoman, who said, "I do wish you would come to see my mother; she longs to hear about these words." We thought it over, but finally had to give up the project of going, as the place was thirteen miles away; but refusing this request made me sad, because so far as we know, no Christian has ever been near their village, and in those days I could not get any Biblewoman to go alone to a place where they were not known, though they would willingly share dangers and difficulties with us.

Another day an old lady called upon us, and though she had not seen a foreign child before, greeted our two children with a kiss—which was a most unusual act for a Chinese woman—and asked me to visit her the next day, which we did, spending nearly the whole day there, when she told us that in the early days of the great Tai-ping

Western China.

rebellion, about 1855, her husband and two children (the same age as mine) were living here. This city, Tuh-san, lay in the route of the rebels' march from Kwang-si to Nanking, who, as they passed, sacked the city of its grain and various necessities, killing her husband and other people who were defending the city walls, besides many children, including hers, and carrying off all the maidens, spreading terror and sorrow everywhere. On the restoration of peace, in which General Gordon took a prominent part, the Chinese government pensioned this widow, and gave her rooms for life in the temple where we saw her. Perhaps it was on account of this rebellion that the gates of Tuh-san Cheo are now smaller than any other city we know.

During our stay here a wedding took place opposite the mission house, and, we suppose it must be an aboriginal custom, the bridegroom came for his bride. He arrived about 6 a.m., in a sedan chair, decorated with red-figured silk, and had breakfast with the bride and her parents. About nine o'clock the bridal procession started for his home, in front were carried banners, furniture and clothes, each dress laid carefully out on red trays for general admiration. Then the bridegroom in his chair, and lastly the bride in a closely curtained red sedan chair. Just before starting, the chair-bearers turned the bride's

The Provinces of

sedan round three times, while friends sprinkled it with wine and water.

The women of this neighbourhood were free and easy in their manner, inviting us to enter their houses without any fear of our having an "evil eye," and the Biblewoman received crowds of women come to see the English children.

Since then much work has been done in Tuh-san Cheo, and now there are quite a number of Christians in and around the city.

The Australian brethren took the opportunity of our being here to make an itineration to the border of the next province, Kwang-si, book-selling and preaching, so we escorted them a couple of miles beyond the south gate through country reminding us of Scotch scenery. No more conical hills, but long rolling slopes covered with grass, and higher ranges beyond them with Chili pines and Austrian firs ; while on the grassy slopes near us were horses grazing, so different to ordinary pack animals, which are only mountain ponies or mules, and from a hill near us we could probably see into Kwang-si itself.

South China is evidently the home of the story of the willow pattern which used to be so commonly painted on English china, for here the children's clothes, pinafores and ribbons are all embroidered with silk in this pattern. Here, too, were sold beautiful reed mats for sleeping

Western China.

on in hot weather, so different to the coarse rush mats in Kuei-yang.

The capital of Kwang-si is called Kuei-lin, meaning a cinnamon grove. To the north-east of the city are three hills which used to be covered with these trees. Their bark is of the best quality and traders carry it to all parts of the empire. Camphor trees, which are a species of laurel, flourish in this region; and while the medicine is obtained from their branches, the trunks are cut into boards for making boxes, in which the natives place their clothes to protect them from moths. There is also a bamboo here whose twigs and leaves resemble the jessamine, it is called the heavenly bamboo, and has berries like the rowan. The natives weave thin strips of its bark into very open network vests, which are much used by travellers to prevent their jackets getting wet from perspiration.

Unlike the other Western provinces the climate here is sufficiently tropical for bananas and olives to ripen, and for canaries to be found in the woods, probably from the greater part of the land being only 1,000 feet above sea level.

Kwang-si contains 5,000,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps a half are aborigines, but so few missionaries have travelled across the province that the writer has had to decipher the terse Wên-li sentences of an ancient Chinese geography

The Provinces of

to find that Kwang-si contains about 80 walled towns, called Hsien, each ruled by a mayor, and these are grouped under ten prefectural cities, called Fu, whose mandarin would rank with a high sheriff. Its soil is very fertile, producing annually 450,000 sacks of grain, chiefly rice, each sack being one hundredweight. This compares well with Sz-chuan, whose area is nearly three times as great, and contains about 120 borough towns, yielding 736,000 sacks of grain.

Kwang-si will, however, soon be thoroughly explored, as foreigners can now enter the province by steamers running on the West River from Canton to the city of Wu-cheo Fu, just within the eastern border of Kwang-si, where a treaty port was opened a few years ago.

The West River comes from Yun-nan, and in its very winding course of 600 miles, down to Wu-cheo, receives so many large tributaries that all parts of the province can be reached by native junks.



MIAO NECKLACE.



MR. FLEMING AND MR. PAN'S GRAVE.

Western China.

CHAPTER XXI

OUR aboriginal friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pan, often took us to villages of their people in out-of-the-way places. On one occasion we spent the night at the home of one of his relations because it was only in the evening that he could get [the men together, as they are busy in the fields all day working for their Chinese landlords.

The house was built of mud walls, everywhere a foot thick, well roofed, and divided into three rooms. The mistress of the house gave up her big bed to myself and our two children, yet I could not sleep that night, as the room had no window, and the mistress in a smaller bed beside us was smoking opium ; but my husband, Mr. Pan, and another Miao Christian had a long evening of preaching to the men of the family and their neighbours. When starting home next day, we left money on the table to cover the expense of so many visitors, including the chair-bearers, but our host and hostess would not

The Provinces of

accept a cash ; and we have often found the Aborigines generous in this way.

Another day we tried to tell an old Miao woman, who was living quite alone, about the Saviour, and asked what she thought about the future life. To which she replied that her great desire was to be born again into this life as a Chinese woman ! Not long afterwards Mrs. Pan's only baby girl died. They did all they could to save its life, as a last resource putting the child into a hot bed of horse manure in hopes of restoring its warmth, but of course without avail. After a time they adopted a little girl of seven years old, and gave her the temporary name of Chao-tee, which means calling or searching for a brother ; and next year God did give them a baby boy.

Mr. Pan was a stonemason, and such a skilful workman that he was able to keep his family in very comfortable circumstances ; and when the forts around Kuei-yang had to be altered the military commander would have Mr. Pan to be overseer of all the workmen. After we left Kuei-yang the missionaries there urged him to become an evangelist to his own people, which he did, but in 1899 we heard that early in the year Mr. Flemming, from Australia, and Mr. Pan had been murdered by the Chinese while trying to keep open the station of Pang-hai, a centre of the Black tribe. When the news reached my

Western China.

mother-in-law, then in the United States, she wrote, " Mr. Pan's death came to me as a shock, the man whom we had known and seen to live so quietly and yet so consistently as a Christian, and now the Lord has crowned him with a martyr's crown. By-and-bye, when Kuei-cheo is a Christianised province, Aboriginal and Chinese children will be shown the spot where the first Protestant martyrs fell."

And to us in Pao-ning at that time it seemed as if a fight was going on between Light and Darkness in China, as long ago there had been in pagan Rome. The following year it culminated at midsummer, when thirty-nine Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries and their children were massacred at Tai-yuen Fu, while the British and other legations were besieged by the Boxers in Peking.

In the spring of 1894, after making enquiries for two years, we were able to be present at one of the Aboriginal festivals. Our coal and coke merchant, a Chinaman, invited us to his village home for the occasion, where his wife generously entertained our party. The festival took place at the full moon in March on a small plateau encircled by hill tops. We started after breakfast the day before full moon, and a few miles beyond Kuei-yang began ascending the hills, by midday reaching a wayside inn, where we

The Provinces of

had eggs poached in sugar and water. Here my husband left us to return to the city, while our road led us over barren hills whose valleys had opium, vegetable oil, and bean plants, with waste places for sowing rice. The road was so bad that often we had to get out of the sedans and walk, and only reached the plateau by dark. We were given a good-sized room, but soon found that the Aboriginal guests, mothers and daughters, had the right of way through it.

Next morning we watched the girls adorning themselves, they spent four hours at their toilette. The dress consisted of several suits of a very dark colour, the outer garments being a loose jacket, open in front like a sailor's, and a closely (accordion) pleated skirt, resembling a kilt, and like it reaching to just below the knee. The jackets were beautifully embroidered with coloured silks, and the skirt, seven yards wide, was also embroidered. Their hair was coiled slightly to one side and partly hidden by the number of broad-headed silver pins used, and all wore three or four silver necklaces.

At noon the dance began, from between the conical hills lads and lasses of sixteen to twenty years old came running down to the plateau, the youths wearing dark-coloured robes of various shades, girded with embroidered sashes crossed in front and folded at the back, and like the girls

Western China.

they had silver ornaments in their hair, while both had tassels or streamers falling down their backs ; the youths also carried a six-tubed flute whose music resembles the bass of a harmonium.

In the centre of the plateau was a high pole, and round this sat the mothers ; while forming a great circle around them were the youths and maidens, standing in groups of usually four maidens and three youths, outside these was another circle, and then a third one, making in all 400 dancers. At a given signal the lads played a few bars, and then waving their flutes in unison, each little group moved sideways on a few steps, the lassies taking the lead until they stopped, when the lads would play another few bars and then the group moved again. In this way all the groups moved on so that in time the whole circle and the other two circles had gone round the pole ; and this the circles did several times until nearly sunset, when as they dispersed there was a general exchanging of necklaces, and we noticed that one lucky youth had twenty round his neck, so that he could hardly turn his head, but I could not speak their language to ask how he had got such a number.

The maidens staying at the house where we were came back for their evening meal, which only consisted of coarse red rice and dried beans fried in vegetable oil ; but after supper the youths

The Provinces of

from other houses came serenading their sweet-hearts and soon we heard a general stampede. This dance and evening serenade continued for two more days, and then they all journeyed homewards till next year. The dance is held in the same place for three years running, when a new site is chosen. Judges *xxi.* 21 may have been the same kind of dance.

April, 1894. The Tsing-ming festival is now being held in Kuei-yang, and all over China. Weather permitting, all the members of the household that can be spared go outside the city to the family burial grounds to attend to the graves. It may be to put up a tombstone or to returf the mound, while the very poorest can only stick a few paper flags there; and where a loved one has lately been buried, it is piteous to hear the bereaved ones lamenting as they try to speak with the dead. To the young folk, however, it is one of the few picnics that takes them out into the country, and the weather now is like May in England. A servant goes with each party to carry their food and cooking utensils and to light a fire for them. The graves of rich families are horse-shoe in shape, where husband and wife lie side by side. Some food is offered before each grave, incense burnt, and crackers fired. Then, before the sun goes down young and old find their way back to the city.

Western China.

Later in the year, on going to a valley we often visited because it is so quiet, we were surprised to see that a cave where beggars used to sleep had been turned into a shrine, and that a tiny temple had been built near it and was occupied by two Buddhist nuns, while around them were votive offerings. The cave had a large stalactite resembling an animal, so the place was now called the cave of the sacred deer; and soon we saw a tablet there recording the gift of 800 tiles from a mandarin's wife. We knew the name, as one of their family was suffering from epilepsy, and so in their sore trouble the mother, hearing that some persons' prayers in this cave had been answered, asked for the nuns' prayers; but we never heard of the patient's recovery. At a subsequent visit the elder of the nuns told us that when her mother-in-law was ill, she had cut a piece out of her own arm and put it into soup and given it to her and she recovered!

On the top of the hill above this valley is Chien-sz-ling, one of the largest temples of the province. It is surrounded by Turkey oak and other fine trees, while the whole hill is rich in shrub oaks, from which charcoal is made; also tea plants and bracken, and of wild flowers we found begonia, anemone, yellow jessamine, white eidelweiss and orchids.

The Provinces of

Through the rice season, 100 days, one often hears the hoe-poe—like, but of a slighter build than a pigeon—sounding forth its characteristic notes of Pao-fan-ko-ho, which are four Chinese words meaning “take up your food and go forth to the work.” On emerging from the woods the hoe-poe flies in a straight line for some distance and then in mid air stops and, flapping his wings like a rooster, crows forth his message, after which he darts away in a new direction.

The Chinese have a Punch and Judy Show. The box used is the same size as in England, but the play not so vulgar, and dolls are used to represent men and women. One fine day we got the showmen to come into our garden where our neighbours and children were amused for half an hour by the story of how a young wife, going into the woods to gather fuel, had not returned home by evening, so the neighbours went out in search of her, and found her lying dead in the woods, whereupon mutual recriminations made a tremendous quarrel, during which the body was brought home; when a genie, with long white hair appears on the scene, restores the young wife to life and enables the family to know that she had been killed by a wolf, which is afterwards captured by the neighbours and shown to the audience!

Western China.

CHAPTER XXII

IN Kuei-yang and other big cities there are a few ancestral temples for the inhabitants of adjacent provinces, in which fellow provincials hold their mercantile guilds and annual feasts, and where, after death, tablets for their spirits are placed. We saw one room full of them, and these are worshipped by their co-patriots twice a year. On other days these temple grounds are deserted except by the caretakers, so I often took our children to one of them on an afternoon, where they could play freely, and the caretakers would make tea for us.

In a house adjoining our garden is a young widow who has been asked by a widower, living outside the south gate, to become his wife, so she has been having the priests to hold farewell services, and burn plenty of paper money and clothes for her late husband's use, that thus she she may be free to marry again.

Just beyond her house a poor mother died lately, leaving a baby only a few days old and

The Provinces of

two other children quite young ; and long after the mother's death we could hear the three-year-old child calling pitifully at night "Ma ma, mamma ah." The father, though an opium-smoker, was not otherwise unkind to his children, and some time after his wife's death had a service chanted to get her out of the terrible punishment of Hades, they suppose she had incurred by dying before her babe was a month old. The service was performed by nuns, and I tried to see the ceremony, but they did not like my presence, so we do not know what rites were performed. It is these events which make us feel "the people sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

In the autumn we were invited to the wedding of our evangelist's nephew, a young B.A., so I went about 2 p.m., and stayed till 9 p.m. We met many ladies wearing brocaded silks of most delicate colours, pale pink, blue and green. We were taken into the bridal chamber to see the bride, who was dressed in crimson from head to feet, the jacket, skirt and shoes all of satin and beautifully embroidered. For a bride to be dressed entirely in crimson is a privilege given only to daughters or brides of literary men ; gold ornaments and flowers in the hair completed this bride's attire. The furniture of their room was painted red and gilded, and the presents,

Western China.

mostly useful ones, were given in pairs. The bedstead resembled our old English four-posters, with a portico along the front side, provided with a seat at each end and was hung with blue silk curtains.

The bridegroom gave the trousseau and the bride's parents gave the furniture, which was just enough to furnish one room, for a new couple always live in the bridegroom's father's house. There were two chairs, four square stools, two clothes' chests, tables and candlesticks.

At dusk we had a grand dinner, gentlemen and ladies in separate rooms. During the meal the bridegroom came in to ask if we ladies were properly attended to, and as he entered we all rose, bowed, and wished him many years of happiness with his bride. At the close of the last course the bridegroom came round with a tray on which were tiny cups of wine, about the size of a thimble, and offered one to each guest, first raising the cup above his head.

For three days the bride sits in her room dressed in her bridal robes, we might say holding a reception, though she does not enter into conversation, but as each visitor enters she rises and returns their bows; and this publicity evidently takes the place of our calling the banns in church.

If the family are rich enough the banqueting

The Provinces of

lasts three days. The first day for gentlemen, the next for ladies, and the last for acquaintances. On the evening of the third day the bride takes her place in the family by waiting upon her father and mother-in-law, and at the end of the honeymoon she visits her old home for a day or two.

The next scenes were sad ones, for one of our neighbours, a blacksmith, who had long been ill with heart disease and lately was getting worse, came to the (common) conclusion that his idol did not hear his prayers, so he took it down from its place of honour on the mantelshelf and smashed it to pieces. Finally the poor couple had to go to the Poor House, where we visited them in their own room. The last time we called the poor man was dressed in a brick red garment, showing that they expected his end was not far off. Another family, also neighbours, were heavy opium smokers. Again and again I tried to induce the wife to break off the habit, and come to my class. For a time, to the astonishment of the other women, she came clean and with her hair dressed properly, and was apparently breaking off the habit, but alas, the craving for opium and her evil surroundings prevailed, and the family went from bad to worse. Standing at the gate one afternoon I saw her son, about eighteen years of age, carrying

Western China.

out of their house some bedding, as his mother was away, so I at once spoke to him about it, but he told me a lie and hurried off; and when he was out of sight I asked our gatekeeper about it, but his only remark was "Who ever speaks the truth?"

Regarding their benevolent institutions, we have omitted to mention that in many towns there are infant asylums, where parents who do not want their child can place it unseen in a small recess, whence appointed guardians rescue and place the little one with some poor nursing mother. This practice, though kind in intention, is often unsuccessful, as I have known a woman take two infants to nurse with her own child. Twice a months these infants are brought to a public hall, where an official examines them and records their condition. Most of these children are subsequently adopted by childless persons.

Though there are no public dispensaries—except missionary ones—one often sees, over an aged doctor's door, the announcement that "children brought early in the morning will be attended to free."

Of recent years vaccination stations have been opened by the Government in many of the chief cities of China proper, but we heard that a rich man here preferred to offer money to a poor parent with healthy children for his children to be vaccinated from them.

The Provinces of

In Kuei-yang we saw one of the prettiest of Chinese customs, which is that of a new M.A. returning thanks for congratulations upon obtaining his degree. Arrayed in a dark satin full dress suit and wearing their high circular hat, surmounted by an egg-shaped gilt button, the new Master of Arts proceeds in a four-bearer sedan chair, with half a dozen men and boys going before, waving leafy branches of bamboos or willows through the streets of his native town, to leave a visiting card at the homes of each of his friends and relatives, who have already affixed to their front gates large red placards announcing that the Imperial examiners, at the provincial capital, had after competitive examination granted to Mr. So-and-so his degree, and stating his position on the roll of honour. It is indeed an honour, as the examiners usually come from Peking only once in three years, and though 10,000 Bachelor of Arts are then examined, only 200 of them can obtain the M.A. degree.

In August, 1894, we visited another Aboriginal festival, it was of the Chong-kia tribe. I had the pleasure of Miss R——'s company, and having left Kuei-yang after breakfast, reached Hua-keh-low, ten miles southwards, in the afternoon. There were also with us five of the Christian women, so with our two children we were a large party, but we got rooms in an inn on

Western China.

the market. In many places along the road the rice crop was shrivelled up for want of water, as there had been a long drought, but in the evening there came a thunderstorm, and we watched the streaks of light playing on the hill-sides opposite. Once there was a peal of thunder with a terrible crash, and when the storm abated neighbours came in to say that a shrine at the entrance of the village had been struck. Then a pig was killed by the lightning, and a quarrel arose as to who should be the loser by its death, as the pig had just been sold; but the former owner had only received half the money, where-upon a mediator came up and urged that buyer and seller should share the loss.

At the harvest festival next day there were be vies of the young maidens in their best clothes, which are the same as Chinese girls wear, but unlike them these Chong-kia girls have unbound feet, and wear a dark-coloured handkerchief wound round their head. Owing to the crowded market I did not take the children out, but Miss R—— and our five helpers were out all day speaking to those who understand Chinese, and sold many Gospels and tracts.

There must have been some thousands of persons in the market place and roads leading from it. When the fair was over the girls in groups and the youths in separate groups sang

The Provinces of

alternate choruses. We were so sorry not to understand their language, but we learnt the tune. At the fair we had noticed by their distinctive dresses seven different tribes; and on a grass plot in front of the inn we saw a party of young men dance. They danced in pairs, a graceful step, opposite each other, but did not touch hands. Near the dancers was a small group of girls who wore a closely fitting hood, plain jacket and skirts edged with white, but at the back these were long and pleated, so that when the girls walked the skirts swung from side to side like crinolettes.

We wanted to visit their homes, but on asking one woman where her village was, she would only reply "Kang tsai Tien," meaning "beneath the skies," for the Aborigines are afraid of the Chinese, who count them an inferior race and ill-treat them, so would not tell our companions where they lived. Five years later one of these Chong-Kia men was baptised, and dated his conversion from having received a tract at this fair.

Another time, when visiting a small city two days' journey from Kuei-yang, we met a tribe called the Tukia, whose women's dress is a short jacket and plain skirt without any embroidery, and they were working in the fields while their husbands were away trading. Their great festival

Western China.

is at the New Year, when the young people go in procession to the hills with flutes and drums, singing as they wend their way, to propitiate the evil spirits of disease. At sunset they return home to a feast and drink wine, which often ends in quarrelling. Their wine is made from rice, as well as from other grains ; and the country people generally are fond of glutinous rice, boiled and pressed into cakes, which get hard as they dry ; these are cut into strips and boiled in wine, when they are eaten hot.

Though most of the Aborigines are poor, yet one of the tribes at the Maypole festival sacrifices a cow when they pray for a bountiful harvest. Of peculiarities in dress the women of another tribe, between Kuei-yang and An-shuen, coil their hair on a pad above their forehead to make a horn about a foot high.

In the autumn of 1894, when I had been eight years away from a treaty port, we were worn out and had to leave for the coast. At this time there were only seven Protestant missionaries left in the province, though all around the people were asking to be taught the Gospel, for "the labourers are few."

On the first day's journey out from Kuei-yang we did not arrive at the end of the stage till after dark, so were thankful to find that one of the coolies, who had reached the market town

The Provinces of

early, came back with a lantern to help the sedan bearers. The man seemed quite a stranger to us, but on Sunday was one of the few men to attend our service in the inn, and three days before reaching our first destination, Chung-king, when my husband was telling an old gentleman by the roadside about a Pass 300 miles away in Sz-chuan, where he used to preach to the coolies five years ago, this coolie exclaimed, "That's where I first heard the Gospel, but I did not know you were the preacher." Throughout this journey, too, we had the great help of our aboriginal friend, Mr. Pan, who showed us the spot where, ten years previously, Mr. and Mrs. Broumton had been robbed of all their money.

Arriving at Chung-king, 1894, we saw the national celebration of the Dowager Empress's sixtieth birthday. It is remarkable that while the Jews counted their time by jubilees, and English people by centuries, the Chinese count by cycles of sixty years, each year beginning with the commencement of spring. Though their months are lunar ones the Chinese maintain solar years by having an intercalary month once in two or three years. Thus the sixtieth is the great birthday in a Chinaman's life.

On this occasion throughout China a month's holiday was kept in honour of the Dowager,

Western China.

who had reigned for nearly thirty years, during the minorities of her son and of his successor, the present emperor Kuang-su. Every large shop was closed and their shutters covered with red and gilt paper scrolls ; the best streets had red, green and blue calico stretched over them. Under this canopy were hung paper lanterns representing men, women and children, houses, boats and fish, or pagodas. There were also six-sided horn lamps with movable figures showing some village scene, as ploughing, fishing or sowing rice, which revolved by the heated air from vegetable oil lamps beating on a movable fan-shaped top ; and at the street gates were paper bridges adorned with coloured lamps. For fear of damaging the decorations only mandarins could ride in sedans, which were carried touching the ground instead of shoulder high. In the evening when the lamps were lighted, the scene was like a page from the "Arabian Nights."

At the time of this celebration the people were so thankful for the many years of peace they had enjoyed during the Dowager's reign, that throughout the empire they quickly subscribed £5,000,000 as a diamond jubilee present, but on hearing of the gift, her Majesty said, "Use it to feed and equip our troops who are fighting against the Japanese."

A year previous to this, Mrs. Timothy Richard

The Provinces of

began to collect subscriptions from the Protestant women of China for a New Testament costing one thousand Mexican dollars, which, through the kind offices of the Legations, was presented to the Empress Dowager with the other gifts of her people. The *Shanghai Recorder* describes it as being of large type, in Chinese, with wide margins, gilt border and edges, bound in silver boards which are embossed with bamboo and birds ; its title on the cover is in large letters of gold, and it was enclosed in a silver casket." Two hours after the presentation the young Emperor sent one of his eunuchs to the Bible store in Peking and bought an Old Testament ; and from that time often read the Bible, but in his attempts to introduce reforms too quickly, he made so many enemies that he was obliged to abdicate in favour of the Empress Dowager, who is still reigning.

Western China.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN 1898 we were again in Western China, appointed to work in Pao-ning. My husband had preceded us, so in April of this year I joined a party from the coast going to Chung-king. On leaving I-chang, our houseboat had twenty men to tow it, besides the captain, helmsman and two men in front for the long bowsweep. About the third day we passed through the Hsin-tan, one of the great rapids in the Gorges. It was looking angry enough to be like a wild sea, but we passed with only one mishap, that of my cabin window being smashed by rushing water banging us against another boat.

April 29th. We have got through the Gorges, 200 miles in nine days. Some of the time a splendid wind blowing us safely through the difficult parts, especially where there was no towing path, so we have reached the first big city in Sz-chuan, which is called Kuei-fu, and has no Protestant missionary.

Early in the evening little girls of thirteen to

The Provinces of

sixteen years old, gaily dressed, with many sweet-scented flowers in their hair, came in a boat alongside ours, playing guitars and singing to attract our boatmen on shore. These girls were bought from their parents when they had reduced themselves to beggary chiefly by opium smoking. It made our hearts ache to see them. See the same custom mentioned in Isaiah xxiii. 16. Some time after this I heard of forty of these girls being drowned while going down river *en route* for Shanghai.

May 2nd. We were obliged to rest all Saturday on account of a strong head wind ; and yesterday being Sunday also stopped. The boatmen are given extra money to pay for their food on Sundays, so that all may get a rest, and many of them willingly stayed on board to attend our public service. In the afternoon, being near a large village, a crowd of women came to see the children and listened as we told them of the way of salvation. Truly they needed it, for nearly every one was dirty, several had skin diseases, and wickedness was written on their faces, reminding one of Heber's words :—

“ In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.”

Continuing the journey we noticed that tents were being erected on the river bank at each



THE BRIDGE JOINING WAN-HSIEN AND ITS SUBURB.

Western China.

rapid for a high official, who is also coming up stream, to rest in while his boat is being pulled over the rapid. Last year there was very little rain and this year is no better, so although we have plenty of stores on board we can hardly buy fresh meat or lard, and rice is sixpence a pint. One day we bought some steamed bread, but it was made of such bad flour that it had to be thrown away.

May 6th. Yesterday we met Mrs. Little on her way down to I-chang. Previously Mr. Little had taken up to Chung-king the first steamer that has ever been through the Gorges, the natives, some of whom were hostile, crowded every village front to behold the wonder, but others were even willing to help in hauling it through the rapids; and subsequently it proved an ark of safety to many foreigners when fleeing from the Boxer rebellion. To-day we have reached Wan Hsien, another large town, where we are spending a whole day exchanging ten ounce lumps of silver, each for eleven thousand cash, and buying provisions, while the boatmen are changing their trackers and preparing for another fortnight's journey.

The river bank here was crowded with people, as this is a very busy mart, being the commencement of the overland route to Chen-too, about 400 miles in a direct line; but the people kept

The Provinces of

good natured all day, so different from former times, they even cheered as our children showed a big doll from the cabin window. Alas, only a few days ago, at another port, a dead body, with the eyes taken out, was thrown down at night time on a mission chapel pavement, and the missionary accused of doing it; while further up this river they have murdered a native medical missionary student, when with a divinity student he was opening a dispensary rented by an American missionary; and at a newly opened port further down the river the mob have burnt down the Japanese consulate.

May 15th. We are still having fair weather and a good journey up stream, but every day pass wrecked boats, as many lives are lost at these rapids. On our first journey up the Yangtze my husband had often preached to the trackers, until one evening, near this place, he thought they had heard of all our Lord's miracles, so he told them the story of Calvary and noticed how their leader, who had always been attentive, listened as if he felt the message was for himself. The next day we stopped at his home, but crossing the river on a ferryboat he was drowned in a rapid.

May 22nd, 1898, Chunk-king. Yesterday we arrived at the end of this long journey all well, though we had often found it trying to be ten Europeans living on a four-roomed houseboat with

Western China.

so many natives for a month. It was pleasant to be received into our Mission's foreign built house, and have afternoon tea in English fashion. In the room was a lovely bouquet of orchids gathered on the hills.

In a few days my husband joined us and hired a matting-covered cargo-boat to take us up the Pao-ning river, the boat had been used for carrying clay and we were unable to get it thoroughly cleaned. However, our good-sized American organ in a zinc-lined case made a splendid ballast, and we embarked for another fortnight's journey. We soon found that the master of the boat was a heavy opium smoker, for we had not started more than two hours when we struck a hidden rock, making a hole in the bows two and a half feet long. Fortunately, we were close to the river bank, and by the evening the hole was patched up with small planks.

The journey was not a comfortable one, as the boatman had a constant craving for opium, and whenever we came to difficult water he would order the steersman to do this or that, but the steersman usually did what he thought best, when the two men would swear at each other; and the heat of the midday sun was hard to bear, but the weather was so fine that we reached our destination, the city of Shuen-ching Fu, in the usual time.

The Provinces of

For some years members of our mission have been trying to settle here, and recently Mr. Platt has succeeded in renting part of a house. Previously others of our companions had lived in an inn for a few months at a time, but the people are still very anti-foreign. On arriving, my husband went up alone to find the house, while with our two younger daughters I at once closed the cabin doors and kept quiet, but the people quickly found out that we were on board, and soon a crowd gathered and one or two men came on board and said that if we did not open the doors they would burst them open, so I promised if they would leave the boat I would bring the children out, and we three were on view for an hour or more. Then the crowd increased and began throwing stones, so we retreated into the cabin, but they began to use larger stones until my husband returned, and there was a pause for a few minutes, only, however, for the stone-throwing to recommence, when the sky, which had been brilliantly blue, was suddenly overcast by a big cloud that burst over our heads, drenching the people, and at this juncture Mr. Platt arrived with sedan chairs, so amid shouts of "kill the foreigners" we got up the bank into the city, though there was an attempt to shut the gate; but the good hand of our God was upon us, and we were saved from that mob.

Western China.

During the delay Mr. Platt had arranged for an innkeeper to receive us, and the coolies got us in safely, but the crowd quickly followed, so the captain of the militia came with a small bodyguard and stayed in the inn till night time, when the front door was barred. Next day we engaged chair-bearers for three days' journey across country to Pao-ning, and got another boat to take our luggage by the great bend of the river. The following morning we started soon after daylight, while many of the people were asleep, and thankful we were to breathe freely again. Two days afterwards a mob began pulling down the mission house, and our friend only escaped with his life by fleeing to the yamen, where the mayor protected him until in a few days he was able to join us at Pao-ning.

During the three days' journey we passed salt wells which have been bored several hundred feet deep, though less than a foot in diameter. The brine is collected in a thick section of bamboo, used as a can, and hauled up by a bamboo rope revolving over a huge drum turned by water buffaloes. At the great centres of this industry only the strongest buffaloes are used, they work for two hours at a time, when they have to walk faster than their usual pace, and thus can only bear the strain of it for three or four years.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXIV

PAO-NING is 150 miles north of Chung-king, and ranks as one of the chief cities of Sz-chuan because a Tao-tai lives here, who is the lieutenant-governor of the north-eastern quarter of this province, and because a lieutenant-general also has his headquarters here.

The city is situated in a small plain surrounded on three sides by the river, which on the north-west side is wide but shallow, and there is a tradition that the shallow place is the site of the original city. All around, the country is raised up into hills, but none in view rise more than 1,000 feet above the plain, which is 1,400 feet above sea level. These hills are still part of the New Red Sandstone, but to the north lies the province of Shen-si, and its border is formed of ranges of Limestone.

In 1887, Bishop Cassels and Mr. Phelps opened a C.I.M. station here, where no Protestant missionary had ever lived before, and now the Bishop's diocese extends across the whole of the province, though other societies have groups of

Western China.

flourishing stations throughout the province. We arrived in Pao-ning on the 21st June, 1898, were welcomed by the missionaries there, and had rooms given us in the old mission house.

It was a time of great excitement, for in the centre of the province a Chinaman named U-man-tz, with many adherents, was in rebellion. A year or so previously, through a lawsuit with Roman Catholics, a friend of his had been executed, and U-man-tz vowed vengeance. So early this year he captured a French priest, and for seven months defied all efforts of the authorities to release him, meanwhile, emboldened by his success, he threatened to massacre Protestants as well, whether natives or foreigners.

While, however, he was drilling a small army to ravage the province, a new viceroy appeared with troops, who besieged U-man-tz's headquarters with such success that in about a month's time he gave up the French priest alive and well, and was in return promised his own life. U-man-tz was then taken to Chen-too where, we hear, he is still living as a first-class prisoner; but the Chinese Government had to pay a large indemnity to the French missionaries, and with it they have built a Church, convent, and hospital on the western city wall of Chung-king, which can be seen for miles.

The following was U-man-tz's proclamation :

The Provinces of

" On account of my ardent patriotism I suffer grievance as herein shown. Foreigners, by means of ocean ships, have merchants and those who propagate the doctrine of Jesus everywhere. These are plans for stealing the clothing and food of the lower orders of the people ; by means of opium they poison China and by excessive artfulness perplex our minds. From the time of our Emperor Tao-Kwang (1821), till now their actions have become increasingly violent. Our emperor is insulted, they control our officials, and take our money, for they cause our national debt to be as heavy as a mountain. During the (opium) war (fifty years ago) they burned our summer palace, they have forced us to open treaty ports, and now they desire to partition China amongst themselves. I am not a man of letters, yet I know something of righteousness. My friend, Mr. Chang, was cruelly treated by the foreigners, and I was put in prison, but released by the petition from many towns and villages. On this account I call righteous people to my aid, and have taken oath to drive out these evil doers from our country. My expedition will pass through your cities. If my followers act improperly they shall be punished with death, but if you will allow us to pass unhindered no harm shall befall your dwellings, I only want to kill foreigners. As for you converts, you must

Western China.

forsake the religion and pay money to obtain forgiveness, that you may be spared. We have armed bands but little food, so where I point my banners there I demand that the gentry give us provisions, as we shall only stay one day in each place. By seizing the foreigner's places we shall refund ourselves the myriads of pieces of silver spent on the war with Japan, the Emperor will love us and the war tax will cease. These foreigners are dogs and goats, let us sharpen our swords and drive them out."

Thus it was that a few days after our reaching Pao-ning, slips of paper were thrown into the compound, with Chinese writing on them, saying, "We, the villagers of all the neighbourhood, are coming in our thousands, on the day of the Festival, to destroy your mission houses and drive you foreigners out of the city." These letters the Bishop sent to the mandarins, who immediately posted twelve militiamen at each of the three mission houses for three days.

This festival of the idol of epidemics was kept next day, which was full moon, by a great procession formed of the guilds of silversmiths, butchers, bakers and all trades; in the centre of which was a life-sized image carried in an open sedan chair, escorted by men bearing beautiful tissue paper lanterns and a few silk ones, such as the Chinese excel in making. It paraded the

The Provinces of

chief streets and passed by the mission houses, but the mandarins were on the alert, in particular the mayor calling in state upon us twice during the day, and no disturbance whatever occurred. During these three days the soldiers placed yellow cudgels and iron-tipped pikes at the entrance of the compound to frighten the people ; and on this occasion, as is customary, the city gates were open all night ; perhaps they are also open on New Year's eve.

As regards U-man-tz's proclamation, the best comment is the following incident communicated to us before the rebellion was stopped. A Protestant missionary sent a native agent out from Chung-king to collect news, who returned in a few days to tell that he reached a market town near U's region, when a crowd were urging an aged Roman Catholic couple to recant, but both husband and wife bravely said, " We have trusted Christ a long time and will not deny him." Thereupon they were immediately beheaded.

In the villages round Pao-ning the Christians endured much persecution, but when the heathen festival had passed without the missionaries being attacked, the Christians came to the Bishop for a three days' service of prayer for protection, which terminated in a communion service of thanksgiving as public news became more reassuring.

Just a month later, the mayor who had been

Western China.

so kind to us became suddenly ill, and it was supposed that he had been poisoned, but his wife allowed my husband to see him, who found that he was suffering from apoplexy, from which he died in two or three days. The illness was due in part to exposure to the sun, through a difficulty which had arisen while he was getting the city wall repaired, and in part to the anxiety he had just been passing through in protecting us all from a riot. It is remarkable, too, that the lieutenant-general died suddenly within a few days of the mayor.

About a year after the mayor's death the people allowed his widow to put a life-sized image of her husband in the city temple, where he is now worshipped by offering burnt incense and lighted candles at his shrine. We saw the image and thought it a good likeness.

January 30th, 1899. Students are crowding into town for the military Bachelor-of-art degree, as this is a prefectural city. They ride their own horses, really ponies, and come in groups with their instructors, who practise them up till the last day in shooting with bows and arrows when there is no wind, and hurling the weight, which is a long-handled thick iron sword weighing more than a hundredweight. On the examination day they have to ride along a trench for 100 yards at full gallop to hit with an arrow a straw man placed a few yards to the side of the trench.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXV

ABOUT our first winter in Pao-ning a big fire occurred at the other end of the town, and as there are no fire engines in China except at the treaty ports (even a hose was unknown here) soldiers were called to fight the flames.

After the inmates had been rescued, one of the soldiers, a brave fellow, stayed too long pulling down timbers to prevent other houses catching fire, and a beam fell on his leg breaking both bones. He sent to the C.I.M. hospital at once, and my husband found that he had been removed to his own house, where the limb was soon put in splints. On account of the weather being too cold in their native houses to treat it in a swinging cradle, the patient had to endure the weariness of his leg lying on its side for three weeks. In due time he made a good recovery and during my husband's visits learned to know the Gospel well, and said that twenty years previously he had been a patient of the medical

Western China.

missionary in Chin-Kiang, near Shanghai, 1,400 miles away.

Late next winter a coalheaver, who lived close to our church, but had long been an outspoken hater of foreigners, slipped and broke his leg near the ankle. However, after a few days of native treatment, he allowed us to attend him, and submitting to splints was well enough in three months to walk about freely. Soon afterwards he recommenced his usual work, sometimes carrying loads of earth for the nitre factory near us, as the Chinese use gunpowder extensively for fireworks in addition to the little needed in the Interior for ammunition. He was very grateful, and has frequently attended the services on Sunday.

The most interesting patient, however, was the landlady of the old mission house. When missionaries first settled in Pao-ning this Mahomedan lady was the only person with a suitable house willing to rent to foreigners. A year or two afterwards her grandson became a scholar in the newly opened mission school, and this lady and her daughter frequently listened to the Gospel, but saw many troublesome times, culminating about 1895, when the missionaries were rioted out of the house, and only saved by the mayor keeping them in his residence. That the landlady and her family should have escaped the

The Provinces of

violence of the mob is wonderful, and evidently she recognised it as God's protection, for about the spring of 1897 she, her widowed daughter and her grandson were baptised. A year later, as already described, the mandarins by their prompt action delivered us all from harm at the festival of the idol of epidemics. In this the landlady again saw God's care of the Christians, and with her daughter and grandson was confirmed by Bishop Cassels, but it was noticed that she would not join at any meal with other Christians through her life-long Mahomedan beliefs concerning the cooking of food. Then it happened that in walking at the door of her house she fell and fractured the neck of her thigh. She allowed us to treat this with an extension apparatus, and at the end of six months was able to walk without any aid, though usually preferring a walking stick. Subsequently, when she was able to get about, she joined with other Christians at a meal ; and in 1904, her grandson was ordained by the Bishop as a deacon, the first Mahomedan born person in the West of China to become a clergyman.

The summer of 1899 was the hottest we have had for some years, causing great mortality. During one week there was a death every day in our street until the wailing was most distressing. It is their chief way of publicly notifying a

Western China.

death. Notwithstanding the drought and the rebellion many of the villagers are seeking to become Christians, and while some hope thereby to get help from us in the local law courts, we feel that many of them are sincere in their profession, and we realise that these converts are the result of the prayers and labours of all those who have toiled here during the past ten years.

As the enquirers are always anxious for advice if nothing else, one missionary heard the following tale. An enquirer was owed what seemed to him a large sum of money by a neighbour and the latter offered, instead of returning the money, to give him his granddaughter to become the former's daughter-in-law, but on the poor girl arriving at the creditor's house it was found that she was blind and maimed in one arm!

Before leaving the village the missionary was invited to a feast given by an aged couple to celebrate the completion of two coffins, one for the wife and the other for the husband, as they felt relieved now that they had assured a secure burial for themselves.

November, 1899. A lady eighty-seven years of age, has died next door to us. The family are wailing every evening and have put up mourning, large white paper lamps edged with green, at the front gate. These lamps usually have written on them a most remarkable sentence,

The Provinces of

viz., "The great event which moves heaven and earth." The Chinese can give no reasonable explanation of this ancient custom, but we know that only One death ever caused the sun to be darkened and the earth to be shaken.

The old lady will not be buried for another four months, the coffin having been filled with lime, and its crevices coated with varnish, will be kept in the guest hall until distant relatives can come, and the family have chosen a lucky day. They had all heard the Gospel. In fact, nearly every family in the city and suburbs have heard through the preaching in the mat shed on the river bank and at the services in the church on Sundays, in the many visits paid to the homes of the people by the single ladies of the mission, and by the medical work.

On more than one occasion we saw at Pao-ning the most ancient sacrifices of the Chinese. These are held at the equinoxes, and concerning them Confucius wrote, about B.C. 500, "By these sacrifices we worship Him that is greater than the emperor." At sunrise of the appointed day, the mandarins of every city go outside the walls to the great altar, which is a stone platform about twenty feet long and the same in breadth and over two feet high. On this had been placed a table spread with different fruits and vegetables, fowls and ducks; on a smaller table, on the

Western China.

side of honour, an entire pig prepared for cooking, and on the other side similarly placed, an entire sheep, and at the back of the chief table a couple of tablets two feet high bearing the inscription, "Thrones of the gods of the grains and of the land." Standing on the platform, beside the tables, were the master of the ceremonies and three or four players upon instruments, while on the pavement in front of the altar stood, grouped together according to rank, the civil, military and university mandarins of the city, in their robes and sacrificial ephods.

The players then chanted a hymn, and at a given signal all the mandarins knelt down and bowed nine times, each time touching the ground with their foreheads.

They then rose up and in single file walked on to the platform, bowing to the tablets as they passed the tables. On descending to the pavement the chief mandarin alone returned to the altar and knelt down before the tables, when the master of the ceremonies read from a paper a prayer which the kneeling mandarin repeated sentence by sentence, so that even bystanders could hear. It was a Thanksgiving and an invocation, but without, we think, any confession of sin. At its close the chief mandarin returned to his place and then, to the accompaniment of chanting, all the mandarins repeated the nine

The Provinces of

genuflections, when the service was ended. Thereupon they retired to the gatekeeper's house to put off their sacrificial ephods, and returned home in their usual robes of office.

Students of the Bible will recognise that in its main features it is a copy of Noah's sacrifice after the deluge, which is the only sacrifice we know of at the time of the dispersion, when the ancestors of the Chinese left the rest of mankind at Babel.

Early in the winter of 1899 my husband was called one night to the courtyard of the Tao-tai's residence to attend a rich young gentleman lying on the ground with a deep wound across his throat. With great difficulty the windpipe was stitched together, the wound closed, and the patient removed to an inn. In a day or two his father came up from their country estate, and then we were told that on account of some accusation his elder brother, a B.A., had been deprived of his university degree. The father had appealed in vain to the prefect to intercede with the tao-tai, *i.e.*, lieutenant-governor, so this younger son, believing in his brother's innocence, determined to commit suicide at the gate of the tao-tai's residence, in order to oblige him to enquire into the cause of his death, namely, the unjust disgrace brought upon his elder brother. For several days the patient's wound was healing,

Western China.

during which time he repeatedly heard the Gospel, and a fortnight later he felt so much better that he actually walked out a mile to call at the hospital and thank my husband; but a day or two afterwards, unknown to us, he was moved to another part of the inn which was draughty, and so got bronchitis. The wound re-opened, and he was taken home to the country, where he died more than a month after the injury.

We have not heard the Chinese say how many of their countrymen are Mahomedans, but our own observations lead us to think that, excluding the aborigines and half castes, they will number nearly one-tenth of the population. Throughout the West of China they have mosques in all the prefectural cities and some of the borough towns. These mosques are like English churches, only devoid of glass windows, hence for most hours of the day dark as a cloister, and look bare because the worshippers only use mats instead of chairs, but they have a pulpit for the preacher. The woodwork of the building is well carved, and the latticed porch is made of such well seasoned wood (in Pao-ning of cypress) that some of the doors, still in good condition, are 200 years old.

On the main road, a mile beyond the north gate of Pao-ning, is a prettily situated Mahomedan seminary, and on hot days we sometimes went

The Provinces of

of an afternoon to rest beneath the shade of the grove surrounding it. The origin of this retreat is the 100-years-old mortuary chapel of a Mahomedan general, which, with the seminary, was built by his clansmen of Ho-cheo, 800 miles away, in the province of Kan-suh, who retain their rights in the building by annually or biennially sending two of their own scholars to be educated in the Koran at this seminary. The huge unburied coffin—long ago well varnished—is placed on a stone platform and covered with embroidered satin, where the custodians daily burn incense before it.

At our first two visits the tutors received us, as strangers, very kindly, but when they got to understand that the Bible describes creation more plainly than the Koran does, and that in all things Christ must have the pre-eminence, they were no longer willing to receive us as guests. Their guest hall was hung with scrolls presented by travellers from distant parts of China; and in the courtyard were small tanks containing gold fish, one of these tanks was an earthen jar nearly 300 years old. The grounds are small but beautifully wooded, chiefly acacias, elms, bamboos and yews. It stands not much more than 100 feet above the plain, but as the sun goes down the lights and shadows of the surrounding hills are very entrancing.

Western China.

Pao-ning is unlike any other city we know, from having in its suburbs several roads bordered with high hedges—in most parts of China it is a rare sight to see a decent hedge except around farms—and some of these hedges were bright with the lovely blossoms of a wild lime, while others had hyacinths and orchids growing beneath them ; and in winter time there was a profusion of different kinds of berries attracting hosts of finches and orioles, while in springtime the peach trees were crowded with tomtits, and through the summer down by the river side were water wagtails and kingfishers.

In the west of China there are a good number of elm trees, but curiously enough, whereas in Europe their leaves, whether oval or angular in shape, are distinguished from the leaves of all other timber trees by the two halves of each leaf being unequal at their base, here in China the two halves of the leaf always spring from the mid rib uniformly.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXVI

IN the spring of this year (1899) my husband had to leave us to visit a sick missionary about 400 miles due north of Pao-ning. It took sixteen travelling days through a very mountainous country, gradually rising from the 1,400 feet elevation of the plain here to 6,000 feet above sea level, a day's journey from his destination, Tsin-cheo, in Kan-suh.

Meanwhile Miss Williams and Miss Davies kindly received us at their station of Sin-tien-tz, where we saw the splendid work going on amongst the country people. It made me long to see such work all over China. We went one day to see an old gentleman, the head of a large family, who is a Christian. He took us to see his wife's grave close beside their farm, his own grave was ready, beside hers, and his epitaph already carved. The one great sorrow in the family was that the third son had become a confirmed opium smoker. On our return to Pao-ning we engaged this son as a servant, but

Western China

we could do nothing with him, and as he was a constant worry and cause of much loss we were obliged to dismiss him.

Another day I went with Miss D—— two miles into the country to see one of the Christians, an old woman, whose cottage was standing alone in a pretty valley, where we gathered lovely white roses. Her knowledge of the Bible surprised us, and we suppose it was due to having had plenty of time in her lonely life to think over what she had been taught, for, of course, like other village women, she had not learnt to read when a heathen. On Sundays, before going the five miles to church, she used to pray that God would keep thieves away, then lock her door, and go off to spend the day with the ladies.

On noticing a jar of wine in her house, she explained that she was obliged to give it to the labourers who plant her rice, as they stand ankle deep in the paddy fields from sunrise to sunset. Even if it rains they keep planting the tiny shoots of the rice as fast as they can in the liquid mud, some one standing at the raised edge of the field and throwing bundles of rice shoots to the workers. The longer the rains, provided there is some sunshine, the more plentiful the harvest, so on rainy days one sees them chatting and laughing quite merrily while they wear a large mushroom hat.

The Provinces of

and plaited thick enough for neither sun nor rain to get through; and they have rain cloaks made of grass or leaves, so that the rain glides off. I have worn one of the hats, but found it was too heavy for comfort.

In her heathen days this woman did not mind how dirty her house was, but on becoming a Christian she took down the dirty idol pictures and felt she must honour God by having a clean place, so whitewashed it all.

The view from this country station of Sin-tien-tz is grand, hills and valleys everywhere, and I never tired of looking at the mountains in the distance: they seemed to change every hour with lights, shadows and mists; and our children gathered wild flowers to their hearts' content, buttercups which the cows do not touch, roses, various waxlike flowers and maiden hair ferns in abundance.

Meantime my husband's journey was taking him across the great mountain slopes which run from east to west, of the non-marble Limestone region; and here the river flows for more than a mile underground with a ridge, two or three hundred feet high, above it. Mr. Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., once explored it right through, and from either entrance the natives get lots of fossils, chiefly small bivalves. The

Western China.

northern entrance reminds one of the Cheddar cliffs.

On the borders of the three provinces, Sz-chuan, Shen-si and Kan-suh, the inhabitants are afflicted with goitre, and their children are the ugliest in China, which could have been obviated if the parents had emigrated to a Sandstone region. During the last week's journey the wheat fields on the top of these mountain ranges have been of Red Marl, like a few of the fields near Minchinhampton on the Cotswolds. The last day, on descending to a lower region, the travellers found that the streams were all muddy, and noticed that the mountains were no longer rocky, but seemed to be of dry mud, and that the natives had dug rooms into the sides of the hills, making artificial cave dwellings.

At noon the five-walled city of Tsin-cheo lay before the party, and on reaching the thirty-feet-high, earth-made wall, it was seen to have neither brick parapet nor tiles to keep off the rain; hence it was evident that this curious earth must be Loess.

My husband arrived to find that Mr. H. W. Hunt was temporarily much better, but alas, no permanent relief could be given, and he died in this station about six months later; while his brave wife succumbed to typhus fever just three months before her husband's death, leaving a

The Provinces of

son and daughter in the mission school at Chefoo. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had laboured together more than twelve years in this far off region.

On making enquiries about Loess, Mr. Hunt said that an old man, one of the Christians, had shown him a boundary wall, which was likewise untiled, and said it was like this when he first remembered it and that was fifty years ago. It seems therefore that when Loess is well rammed together—as the Chinese do by temporarily enclosing it between boards—it becomes rainproof and thus differs from wind swept sand dunes. Subsequently another missionary told how an Austrian count and a Vienna physician, who were exploring, bought a so-called dragon's tooth from a herbalist's shop, and then recognised that it belonged to an antediluvian animal. These dragon's teeth are sold in many parts of China, but we understand they are all found just beneath the Loess, which led my husband to conclude, from the fact that this region and Tai-yuen are hemmed in from the ocean by mountain barriers, that Loess must be the sediment of the Deluge. Soon afterwards we found from geological books that ten years ago the late Duke of Argyll had formed the same opinion, from his examination of the Loess near the Danube.

Tsin-cheo, we are told by one of the missionaries



A RIVER SCENE IN SZ-CHUAN.

Western China.

stationed there, has 60,000 inhabitants, and is the most southerly city to which camels come. Thus there is often a caravan of them in the large inn next door to the mission house, preparing for their return to the great wall of China, nearly 300 miles away.

Along the southern side of the city is a river, and a few years ago, in a time of famine, when subscriptions from other provinces had been sent as relief money, the viceroy, Tao-muh, who was a true patriot, said to the mandarins, "Do not give this to the poor for nothing, but give them trees, and pay them daily for planting these between the river and the city," and now there is a public boulevard there. Around the city, whoever has a little garden grows one or two peach trees, and these are now (April) in bloom, otherwise there would be nothing pretty to see except dwarf cypress in some of the cemeteries on the hills, and poplars by the farms on the plains.

Six days north of Tsin-cheo, by the mule cart road over this Loess plateau, lies the south bank of the Hwang Ho; and here is Lan-cheo, the provincial capital of Kan-suh, which has a Manchu garrison like the one described at Chen-too, and contains a total population of half a million persons. Thirty years ago the Russians had a depot here for their tea trade, but now-a-days

The Provinces of

tea goes direct from Hankow to the Siberian railway. In those days it was compressed into the form called brick tea, which contained a great many twigs besides being adulterated with the leaves of willow trees, which are very abundant in the next province. Lan-cheo covers a large area and is surrounded by a splendid city wall, while looking northwards across the wide river one can see an inner bend of the great wall; whence the country slopes downwards for a hundred miles, till it reaches the outer portion of that wall which here forms the boundary of Mongolia.

The region between Tsin-cheo and Lan-cheo is so infested by wolves, that in winter time they burrow into all the poorest graves. The courtyards of houses in the suburbs have a dismal appearance as their walls are made of alternate layers of Loess, a foot in height, and of ox ribs strewn on it, to a thickness of two or three inches. Although so poor in appearance, this province exports dried apricots and sultanas to Shen-si and Sz-chuan.

The history of the Great Wall is that two thousand one hundred and sixty years ago, there arose in China an emperor, who surpassed the Pharaohs of Egypt in the greatness of his works, for he built this wall, which was more than one thousand miles long, and originally twenty feet

Western China.

high, sloping from its broad base to at least ten feet thick at the parapet. The object being to protect his subjects in the alluvial plains of Peking, on the Loess plateau of Tai-yuen, and between the Limestone ranges of Hsi-an, from the incursions of the nomad Mongolian tribes.

This emperor, Chin-shih-hwang, thought, too, that book lore was useless for such stirring times as he lived in, therefore ordered every writing of the ancients to be destroyed; and, it is said, so thoroughly was his order executed that Confucius's writings were all burnt, and only after the death of Chin-shih-hwang were they recopied by the help of an old lady who rehearsed them from memory.

Chin-shih-hwang also made his mark in history in still another way, for he minted the first entirely round Chinese coins, B.C. 255, which, unlike those of succeeding emperors, have not his name on them, neither like the Roman coins have they his effigy, but instead have embossed in big characters the two words "half ounce." There are at least three different kinds of these coins extant, each weighing half a Chinese ounce, which corresponds to the most ancient standard of weight known, namely, the Jewish shekel (see illustration); and there are still in circulation many specimens of a smaller kind of

The Provinces of

these cash, which were probably issued by the emperor's son, who only reigned three years.

Beyond Kansuh is the Desert, and in 1880 military mandarins were fond of telling their friends how the Empress Dowager had called General Tso-tsong-tang to her aid, saying, "During the Tai-ping rebellion we were obliged to withdraw our troops from the far interior to defend the coast provinces, so brigandage increased, and the Russians occupied Chinese Turkestan, but have promised to give it up if we would regarrison it; can you help our country?" To which the general replied, "Mother of mothers, your servant can lead the soldiers across the eighteen provinces, but then there is the desert of Gobi to be passed. This I can only do by sowing corn at its margin, and when that has ripened go another long stage forwards and so on." The Empress, fully satisfied, granted him permission to proceed, and in three years time he completed his task, when the Russians restored the territory to China.

When halfway back again from Tsin-cheo my husband had to go to Han-chung in the province of Shen-si. In this region the Limestone ranges are broken up into groups containing a great deal of marble, and the clear streams of its valleys are bordered for many miles with willows,

Western China.

making pretty scenery. These trees are carefully cultivated by the natives, to provide wickerwork baskets, which take the place of the bamboo work of their fellow countrymen in the South of China.

Han-chung, a prefectural city with a fine wall about twenty feet wide at the parapet, is at the head of the navigable part of the greatest tributary of the Yang-tze, which is called the Han river and joins the Yang-tze at Hankow. The plain of Han-chung, as seen that spring, was a glorious sight, from east to west eighty miles long, filled with wheat, opium, the brilliant yellow-flowered vegetable-oil plant, and hemp; and on its southern border for many, many, miles a high rampart of Limestone rocks lit up in the afternoon by the setting sun. From south to north the plain is only twenty miles broad, and northwards leads over the 6,000 feet passes of the road to Hsi-an, the provincial capital of Shen-si. It is said to have a million inhabitants, and is the city to which the Empress Dowager fled for refuge, during the Boxer insurrection.

At the eastern end of the plain is the small town of Yang Hsien, where an Australian member of the C.I.M. is stationed. Here one Sunday two old farmers each repeated a different psalm, both of forty verses; they had been Christians about four years. On these long journeys my

The Provinces of

husband was greatly encouraged to find that in all the market villages, though some were a week's journey from a Protestant missionary, the village elders would always gather around him to hear the Gospel, and ask intelligent questions.

Western China.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON our united return to Pao-ning we found the people badly needing rain, as all fields away from the river side are greatly dependent upon rain for cultivation because rice is a grass, growing best in running water, and is the staple food in most parts of China.

Another week has past without rain, and the people are getting desperate. The mandarins have held a fast from fresh meat for quite a long time, and some of the city gates have been kept shut to let the gods see the standstill business is coming to ; so this afternoon a procession of some hundreds of villagers passed through the streets carrying sprays of willow leaves and paper banners with prayers written on them, while a few walked along stripped to their waist, all to betoken distress. Our second daughter was standing at the gate of the mission compound wearing a straw hat, but was advised to take it off, lest the people should be offended by thinking we did not share in their sorrow.

The Provinces of

The processionists chanted a mournful liturgy as they passed by and the officials have been to every temple recently, praying to the idols for rain. Later on rain did come, but too late for the crops to fully develop.

About this time we saw a middle-aged woman, neatly dressed and with sticks of incense in her hand, fulfilling a vow of walking humbly from her house to a particular temple, which she did by kneeling down on the ground and bowing low every five steps.

Troubles never cease, for we have an insane man on the compound under my husband's care, who is so violent that he has to be chained to a post, as there is no room strong enough to keep such a raving man in. Previously he had kicked a hole through a wall and climbed up into a tree and sat there howling. However, after the heat of summer was over he became sane again, and returned home.

With the cooler weather of autumn we were fond of taking our children over the bridge of boats at the south gate to Pagoda hill, on the other side of the river, and there watch the country people bringing their grains, fowls and hemp into town. The flour here is better than anywhere else in this part of China so that many of the natives eat steamed loaves, and although further north plenty of biscuits are made like

Western China.

our old ship biscuits, yet they rarely attempt to bake bread. On one of these occasions we spoke to an old man and found that he was sad at heart at the state of the country. U-man-tz's rebellion, the unceasing increase of opium sowing, and the drought. We told him China's only hope was in knowing the Lord Jesus and putting away idols; and we felt that he represented many in China who long for a reformation, but know not whence it could come. Returning that day through a village we saw an animal which we suppose must have been a marten. It was fastened by a long chain and climbed like a squirrel, but was nearly as large as a fox and the fur was a mixture of brown and grey. Previously at Sin-tien-tz we had on rare occasions seen the plumage of the imperial eagle, which looked at first like the wings of a very large Spanish hen, but when the eagle's head was seen there was no mistaking it; and on measuring its three claws, these were found to be the length of the palm of a man's hand and his three fingers. In Kan-suh they carry off pigs as well as lambs.

At the end of this winter we witnessed some of the Chinese New Year's festivities. It is during this week that the Emperor goes out one day to the fields to plough a furrow, and thus remind his people that winter has passed. This custom is called meeting the spring, and in all parts

The Provinces of

of the empire the event is commemorated by a procession of the guilds, when they escort the clay image of an ox from the city temple to one outside the city and there perform idolatrous rites. The head and quarters of the ox are coloured according to directions in the imperial almanac sent from Peking to each mayor, and represent the various crops, rice, wheat, maize, etc., the soldiers on duty that day wear brand new uniforms, each adorned with a large medal. Next day the mayor goes to the temple and as soon as he sees the clay ox has it smashed to pieces. The natives say this is done to ensure a good harvest, but we think it is a copy of Moses' destroying the golden calf.

Curiously enough there used to be in England a somewhat similar festival called Plough Monday, as described by Mrs. Hewitt, saying that in Staffordshire and Yorkshire the farmers and their men formed a procession, drawing a plough through the villages, the driver having a blown bladder at the end of a stick which he used as a whip, and applied to the head and shoulders of his team, who were ploughmen. In her book it is mentioned that the Greeks, Persians and Chinese also had their sacred ploughings.

Late on New Year's Eve, especially in the centre of China, the natives hang a bunch of twigs and leaves, often of pine trees, outside the front

Western China.

door of their houses, reminding us of the Jews using hyssop at their doors on Passover night. Then each household, for all the scattered members of the family have tried to get home for this great annual holiday, assembles for dinner, which lasts till the early hours of the morning, accompanied by firing off crackers in the courtyard from hour to hour throughout the long night.

During the next three days gentlemen dressed in their high hats and long cloaks are to be seen leaving visiting cards, about eight inches long by four broad, on all their acquaintances; and after the fifth day ladies in sedan chairs visit their friends. The festivities close on the 15th of the month, *i.e.*, the day of full moon, with a lantern procession: a huge paper dragon, carried in the centre, being the chief attraction, each segment of his body contains a lamp, and is carried by a lad; so that there will be thirty to forty men and boys to support the dragon, which looks most realistic twisting along through the crowd of sight-seers, escorted by sedan chairs covered with lanterns and carrying gaily dressed children.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXVIII

WE left the far inland station of Pao-ning for the coast on the 15th of May, 1900, bringing with us a missionary lady who, with her daughter, had been twelve years in the still further away province of Kan-suh without once leaving it, and together had a most peaceful journey by native junk past Chung-king, through the Gorges to I-chang. One Sunday we were able, when anchored near a village, to have our chairs and table put out at a pretty spot for afternoon tea, and the villagers were as pleasant as they could be to us. It was, however, the calm before the storm of the terrible Boxer rising, for on reaching I-chang and boarding a river steamer, we were told that two foreign engineers had been murdered on the railway near Peking ; and during the next few months 100 of our fellow workers and their children were massacred.

Just before our leaving Pao-ning, a priest had appeared at our front gate offering to sell plasters for a penny each. He represented himself as a





Western China.

holy man and these plasters were painted with his blood and were to be a charm against the troubles that would take place in the autumn, showing that though we knew nothing of the intended massacres some of the Chinese did. The massacres commenced earlier than was intended by the authorities in Peking, hence before a general rising against foreigners could take place, the consuls at the treaty ports wrote to missionaries in the Interior, urging them to flee, and thereby hundreds of our fellow-workers were saved.

On arriving in Shanghai we found our director very anxious, because for more than a month he had been unable to communicate with members of our mission in the north of China; and then came a telegram in Welsh, which only one gentleman in Shanghai could interpret, telling that in one week thirty-nine foreigners had been killed at Tai-yuen. Soon refugees began hurrying into Shanghai with tales reminding us of the Indian Mutiny, and during the next six months nearly 1,000 Christians were murdered or injured for life; but it was not till we were coming home this time, in 1903, that we heard the following tale of heroism.

Three days after the governor of the province had beheaded the Roman Catholic Bishop, eleven priests and twenty-seven Protestant missionaries,

The Provinces of

wives and children; he ordered all the native Christians to be brought to his yamen, *i.e.*, official residence. Old and young, seventy Christians, were brought (probably a great many had escaped during the three days) to whom the governor said, "You rebellious subjects! I have killed the foreigners, now you must give up this foreign religion." To which the elders replied, "We are trusting the Lord Jesus to save us from our sins, we cannot deny Him." "Then," said the governor, "you must die, march." They then retraced their steps the 100 yards to the entrance gate, where the executioners were awaiting them, and only begged for time to pray, which was granted. On arising from their knees the men twisted their queues into a knot at the back of their head, and the women stood to attention. Suddenly the governor said, "Call them back." They returned to his judgment seat, and he said "Why will ye die? You are Chinese people, I do not want to kill you." But they replied, "We are trusting in the Saviour to save us for ever, we cannot forsake Him." Then said he, "You must die." They reached the gate, but were again recalled, when some of the younger members of the band exclaimed, "We will not recant." And again they were marched to the gate. On reaching it, the governor said, "Pick out those two maidens." They happened

Western China.

to be Roman Catholics, about seventeen years old, and immediately they were beheaded. Then hand basons having been brought, their blood was drained into them and water added, and the other sixty-eight persons were made to drink a sip of it and then liberated. We heard the story from a young Chinaman who witnessed the whole scene and afterwards became a missionary's servant.

A few days previous to these events, the Privy Council had met at Peking in the presence of the Empress Dowager to plan the simultaneous massacre of all foreigners in the Interior, according to the project of Prince Tuan, the leader of the Boxers. At that council two Cabinet ministers on bended knees begged the Empress not to consent, feeling it would stir up all nations against China. However, Prince Tuan's party gained the day and the Edict was issued, but these two patriots determined even then to try and save their country, and succeeded in altering the telegraphic despatch into the word "protect" instead of "destroy" foreigners, thereby saving the lives of a great many missionaries. As Peking was cut off from the rest of the empire by the Boxer army surrounding it, a month elapsed before Prince Tuan learnt the wording of the Edict that had been telegraphed to the various viceroys, and could thus denounce these two

The Provinces of

ministers to the Empress Dowager who, in her rage at being wilfully disobeyed, ordered them to be sawn asunder, a punishment that is said not to have been inflicted on a mandarin since the last dynasty, 270 years ago. These two noble patriots were thus executed in front of the Imperial palace at Peking. Their families, however, were allowed to inter them in coffins. But Prince Tuan's reign was coming to an end, as, at the commencement of the investment at Peking, the Boxers had killed the German minister, and foreign legions were at hand who, led by the Rajputs and Sikhs, relieved the Legations and drove the Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan and the court into six months' exile.

At Christmas time the Empress Dowager cancelled their condemnation and granted them a public funeral, for which purpose their bodies were brought by sea to Shanghai, where we saw the procession, when thousands of Chinese lined the streets as the two coffins were escorted by mandarins from the riverside to the canal, whence a steam launch would convey them to their ancestral home in the Che-kiang province.

About this time Count Waldersee, on his way to Peking, held a review at Shanghai of the British, French, American and Japanese Volunteer Brigade, besides a contingent from our Indian army. It was an impressive sight to see the

Western China.

Count at the head of his large staff of German officers ride into the racecourse, holding in his hand the field marshal's baton, recently given him by his emperor, and with the standard of the Iron Cross borne before him. It made me think of olden times, when brave knights went forth to the Crusades.

For the next three months we saw a great deal of the soldiers quartered at Shanghai, and of the sailors from the men-of-war moored off the Bund. Of these latter it was surprising to see what fine men the Japanese sailors are, for while their officers are little men, the bluejackets were of good stature, and the earth seemed to shake beneath their firm tread. Of the former, officers of Sir Pertab Singh's cavalry were fond of playing polo, and it was splendid to see how the horses got as excited as their riders in following the ball. Often, too, our children rose up from the breakfast table at the sound of the Germans, as they came along with their curious step, singing songs that sounded like hymns, when they marched past four deep.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXIX

ON returning to the Interior, after the Boxer persecutions, we went to Chung-king ; but at the commencement of 1902 my husband, leaving me there, journeyed alone into the province of Kuei-cheo to open a station at Tsen-i, 200 miles south of Chung-king. Twice during the previous twenty years the French priests had been driven out of it and their buildings destroyed, but as a far-reaching effect of the suppression of the U-man-tə rebellion, they were now firmly established in the old city of Tsen-i, for, like Kuei-yang, this place has an old city, and a new one, which are here separated by a shallow river about 100 yards wide.

Meanwhile, Mr. Little had most kindly invited me and our two younger daughters to be his guests ; and later on a small bungalow on the range of mountains opposite Chung-king was lent to us near the Friends' school, so the children attended it as day pupils and were afterwards left there as boarders.

Western China.

On the 4th June Mr. Little gave a tiffin in honour of the officers who had just brought the first two screw gunboats up the Gorges, to join the paddle wheel steamer "Pioneer," which he had navigated up to Chung-king four years previously. My husband happened to be back from Tsen-i, so we were all present at the tiffin, and while still at table telegraphic news came that peace had been proclaimed in South Africa.

On my husband's arrival in Tsen-i Fu he had, of course, to put up at an inn, and two days afterwards noticed at the butcher's stall the hind-quarters of an animal larger than a sheep but smaller than an ox, with a very long tail, and a few yards further on saw the front quarters, with the head, which looked like a tiger's, but perceived that round the extremities was a ring of spotted skin, and knew at once that it was a leopard. Next day the stall was moved to the city gate, and by the afternoon nearly all the meat, looking like beef, had been sold; and then he heard that another leopard had dangerously wounded five persons.

In a day or two a villager came to the inn and asked if the foreign doctor could attend his son, who had been clawed by the leopard. This was done, and it was found that the skin on his forehead had been torn open from the margin of the hair to his nose, but both eyes had escaped

The Provinces of

injury, and under treatment he made a quick recovery. Two days later a ne'er-do-well applied at the inn for relief, who looked as if his arm was broken, saying that he had been bitten by the leopard. He was told to go home and get his father to come to the inn. This was done and the father led my husband to the door of a fine house just outside the new city. Here the lad was sitting on a form out in the street, but on being asked where he lived the answer was "nowhere," so he was told to find a place. This was done by next day, and as soon as my husband was informed he syringed out the wound and made him comfortable, but it needed three months of constant attention before he recovered, as the leopard had lacerated the humerus.

The most dangerously wounded patient was a soldier, treated by the natives, who died in the barracks ; but another man, badly scratched on his legs and arms, treated by the natives, recovered ; and the fifth man was so slightly injured that he could take care of himself.

Ultimately this leopard also, evidently the mate of the one exposed for sale, was killed not far from the city.

In the meantime difficulties had arisen at the inn, for a stranger stopping there, who was a pedlar of ginseng—a valuable medicine from

Western China.

Corea—had sold some for two guineas, which sum he had lent to the innkeeper, but a week after my husband's arrival a tremendous quarrel arose over the money, and then it became known that the stranger was related to one of the minor officials of the city, with the result that in another week's time the landlord was thrown into prison. Though the landlord was owing money to other creditors, my husband believed he was innocent of the particular charge made against him, so prayed earnestly to God for his release, and on the tenth day he walked into the inn a free man.

The day after the landlord was put into prison, his son, about twelve years old, was watching the New Year's fireworks, in honour of the god of fire, the people hoping in return that the idol would defend their houses from being burnt, when a firework exploded close to the boy and singed the whole of his face. The next day his mother allowed him to be attended to, and by keeping his face in a cotton mask for a week he was all right when his father came out of prison.

Just at this juncture the family who owned the large house at whose door the bitten lad had been placed, sent to say that they had a house to let; so my husband viewed the place and offered to rent it, and they sent a message to the provincial capital, five days' journey

The Provinces of

near at hand the shallow winding river between the cities flows over beds of marble, in some places bordered by bamboos. Coal was abundant and, when some specimens were examined at Chung-king, was found to be anthracite equal to Welsh. It could usually be bought at the city gates for 12s. 6d. per ton, and in spring time, when the men are not busy in the fields, for 7s. 6d. per ton.

In the winter our landlord's eldest son was married, the bride, of course, coming to live in the father-in-law's house, which is a large one, with two nice gardens. The wedding festivities lasted seven days, theatricals in the grounds both afternoon and evening to amuse the guests. Some might have thought the bride lucky to enter this grand home, but we knew the bridegroom to be such a heavy opium smoker that he rarely rose before noon.

Soon after these festivities were over, the firing of crackers for the New Year's holiday began, and during this time I could get no relief from malarial chills, which continued day after day. Added to which, at a temple only a hundred yards from us, the priests had theatricals for ten days. At these the actors performed scenes, afternoon and evening, from twelve books of ancient history. Being holiday time the temple courtyard was crowded, where the people stood in the open-air

Western China.

to watch the plays. We could hear the actors speaking in falsetto voices, and the hum of the audiences, and, much more wearying, the sounds of the musicians as at the interludes they clanged their cymbals, beat drums and played on flutes. While night after night our next door neighbours kept me awake for hours, cooking their supper at midnight, as they turned night into day to indulge in opium smoking to excess. In this time of great need Mr. and Mrs. Windsor reached here and took charge of the station, enabling us to return to Chung-king, where our younger daughters rejoined us; here Mrs. James Murray most generously received us all into their house, and nursed me back to health.

Previously, when we were living in Kuei-yang, a temple was opened quite close to us and dedicated by forty-nine days of theatricals, which were enacted, as usual, on a stage at the opposite end of the great courtyard to where the chief idol is housed, as the plays are nominally arranged to amuse the idols. The audience fills the courtyard, all standing sometimes for two hours, except the few who, living near by, had brought benches and chairs for themselves. Some of the temples have galleries, where women and children sit to see the play.

Occasionally a temple is reserved for private theatricals, one day being for ladies only and

The Provinces of

another day for gentlemen. On these evenings we could tell the men were drinking by their undignified shouts, and if it was warm summer weather they would be gambling there till daylight. Gambling is the chief amusement of rich and poor. Ladies have often told me that they have been up all night in their homes at cards, especially during the New Year's holidays.

Our latest news of Tsen-i Fu is contained in a letter from Mrs. Windsor, dated 4th April, 1906, telling that ten days previously fourteen armed men, wearing red turbans and having a conspicuous badge on their gowns, like soldiers, entered the north gate of the new city and enquired for the Kiao-tang, *i.e.*, religious hall; but being strangers their village accent made the bystanders suppose that they were asking for the kiao-tsang, *i.e.*, parade ground, and directed them thither, just in the opposite direction and leading past the brigadier's barracks, whose sentries, noticing them, informed their commander. He at once sent soldiers to interrogate the strangers, who replied that they were red lantern men and had come to destroy the foreigners' chapels. The soldiers told them this could not be permitted, and ordered them to give up their arms, but they resisted, wounding two of the soldiers, when other soldiers, seeing the fight, rushed to the aid of their companions and shot three of the

Western China.

strangers, besides capturing a fourth. The prefect and mayor were soon on the scene and beheaded both the prisoner and the three dead men. Late that evening three more men were caught, brought into the city and executed; and since then the remainder of the band have been secured. By the misunderstanding of a word our lives have been saved, and we trust in God that He will yet deliver us.

The cause of this attempt seems to have been the anger of the heathen priests at their city temples being now, by Imperial command, used for schools, where geography and European sciences are taught.

The Provinces of

CHAPTER XXX

YUN-NAN is the most south-westerly province of the empire. It is bounded on the north by Sz-chuan, touching Thibet at the Tsa-leh Pass; on the west by the frontier of Burmah; on the south by that part of the ancient kingdom of Annam, which is now the French colony of Tong-king; and on the east by the provinces of Kuei-cheo and Kwang-si.

The writer has not lived in this province, but from various friends has learnt that the surface of the eastern two-thirds of the country is very like the long rolling slopes of the limestone region in the north of Sz-chuan. From the Kuei-cheo border the country rises gradually from 4,000 feet to 7,000 feet at Ta-li Fu, ten days' journey beyond the capital; and here the traveller can stand and see before him the mountains rising straight up another 7,000 feet into the clouds, that is to the altitude of 14,000 feet.

Western China.

Thence range after range of hills getting lower and lower, till they reach Bhamo, on the Irawaddy river, in Burmah, which is only 600 feet above sea level. In Tali snow from the mountains is sold on the streets during the summer as a cooling drink.

There are no elephants in China, but two of the Christians at Kuei-yang remembered seeing the elephants that brought the last ten-yearly tribute from the King of Mandalay, the then capital of Burmah, to the Emperor of China. And once my husband saw a caravan of men bearing a pair of tusks and large slabs of jade as merchandise from Burmah to Peking. Tigers are occasionally seen in this province, while monkeys in many parts and canaries in one part are common.

The trade routes of Yun-nan are, first, the northern road from the provincial capital through Tong-chuan and Chao-tong to Shui Fu on the Yang-tze ; secondly, the southern road to Po-se just inside Kwang-si on the Red river which becomes the West river and flows into the sea at Canton ; and lastly the great Mandarin road, which commencing at the Burmese frontier passes through Ta-li, whence pedestrians take ten days by it to reach the provincial capital, Yun-nan Fu, thence another twenty days along this road to Kuei-yang, passing Lang-tai and An-hsuen, the

The Provinces of

former town being a military station in Kuei-cheo province; from Kuei-yang another ten days brings one to its terminus at Chen-yuen Fu: near the upper limit of the navigable part of the Yuen river which coming from Kuei-cheo flows eastward into the wide Tong-ting lake in the province of Hu-nan, whence steamers now run to Hankow.

Members of our mission have laboured long in the province of Yun-nan, but such a large proportion of the people are Mahomedans, and the rest so steeped in opium that very few have become Christians. Still, Mr. James Murray has, during the course of several years, visited nearly every town and market village, selling portions of the Scriptures, and in the northeast of the province another society has an encouraging work. Political events too, are stirring the south of the province, as the French have commenced making a railway from Tong-king to Yun-nan Fu.

In the West of China there are still vestiges of the worship of sun, moon and stars. Outside the walls of Kuei-yang we once saw heathen tracts urging the people to worship the sun on its birthday, *i.e.*, the shortest day in the year; and in Chen-too, at the beginning of the ninth month, all the street hawkers put up flags on their stalls with the seven stars of the "Great

Western China.

Bear " constellation painted on them. There are besides, in many villages, at some quiet spot, two stone pillars with the character for the sun engraved on one, and that for the moon on the other.

In the earlier chapters of this book the stories of the builder of the great wall, B.C. 255, and of the heroes Liu-pi, Kuan-tee and Chang-fei, A.D. 220, have been recorded, so we trust that readers will like to have a brief account of the chief dynasties that have ruled in China.

Hsia-ü, the leader of the Asiatic wanderers from Babel, founded a dynasty that ruled from Abraham's time until the birth of Joseph. Then came the Shang dynasty, who ruled till the birth of David; but beyond their names and the duration of their reigns being recorded in stone on the great tablet in the Taoist temple, fifteen miles beyond Kuan Hsien, we have not found any other vestige of their times. Following them came the Cheo dynasty, which lasted longer than any other, extending till the time when the Septuagint version of the Old Testament was made by the Jews in Alexandria.

During this dynasty Lee, the founder of the Taoist religion, was born, and, fifty years later, the much greater teacher Confucius, while only

The Provinces of

a short time previous to both of them, Guatemala, commonly called Buddha, was born in India, but his religion was not brought to China until shortly after the Christian era, when eighteen disciples of Buddhism came with copies of the sayings of their founder. Three of these disciples were Africans, as their present day images show, the others being Hindoos. In remembrance of that event, and in order to be protected by these canonised missionaries, Chinese children wear at feasts a border round their caps with silver images of these eighteen men sewn on them. Of this long period in history the only Chinese relics we have heard of, are two stone drums preserved in Peking.

Immediately following the Builder and his son was the Han dynasty, B.C. 206 to A.D. 264, of which period a copy of one of the many coins still to be found is engraved on the plate opposite the first chapter of this book. We do not know the meaning of the hour-glass sign on it, but the cross character probably signifies "ten." The chief dynasties since then have been, first, the Tang dynasty, when China became, on the fall of the Roman empire, the greatest nation in the world, and of this period Kai-yuen's coins are specimens of splendid workmanship. Next the Song dynasty, which minted large iron coins,

Western China.

and during it the Confucian Analects were engraved on stone tablets, still in good condition. Then the Mongol dynasty, of whose founder much has been recorded by Marco Polo and other writers. The Mongolians were succeeded by the Ming dynasty, to which belongs Wan-lih's coin ; and lastly the Manchurian dynasty, whose third ruler was Yung-ching, and his coin is the last on the plate.

In conclusion, a very brief *resumé* of the progress of the Gospel in China brings the writer's story to a close.

About the fifth century the Nestorian Christians founded a large church in the north of China, but it perished before Kublai Khan, the Mongol, conquered the Chinese and became their emperor in the year 1260. He introduced Mahomedanism, and perhaps amongst his armies there were Jews, as 500 years later Roman Catholic missionaries found at Kai-fung Fu, in the province of Ho-nan, a colony of Jews possessing the Hebrew Scriptures. Of these Jews there are still a few survivors, and one of them visited Shanghai during 1901. Protestant work began in China barely 100 years ago, when Morrison landed at Canton ; but of the great desire amongst the Chinese to read the Bible during the last few years, one might almost say that Sir Moses Montifore had foretold the event, though he was

The Provinces of

not a Christian, and was only speaking about his own people ; for, in his old age, when paying out money to build an institute in which Jews were to be taught the Hebrew Scriptures, his friends said it would be a waste of money, as they could not get enough students to use such a large building. To which he replied, " There will come a time of hungering and thirsting for the words of the Eternal," which is a quotation from Amos.

Very soon after this incident, Mr. Augustus Margary, of H.B.M. Consular Service, was murdered in Yun-nan, with the result that the British Government obliged the Chinese to give permission for merchants and missionaries to travel freely over the eighteen provinces. Thereupon, 1875, the China Inland Mission, aided by the Bible societies, began distributing Gospels throughout the country. Though the people bought them willingly because they were well printed and very cheap, yet they soon found them too difficult to understand, and the books were cast aside until Protestant missionaries began to settle in their neighbourhood, when some of the long neglected books were brought out to be re-examined. Thus colporteurs always found it difficult to sell books on a second or third visit to any small town until the conclusion of the Japanese war, ten years ago, when the island

Western China.

of Formosa was ceded to the Japanese, for then the university men throughout China felt that they must acquire the foreign learning that the Japanese had gained, and supposing it could be obtained from the Bible, because that was the only foreign book heard of in the Interior, they soon bought more than 10,000 copies of the New or Old Testament. Alas! these university men were too proud to let the missionaries explain the books to them, and they were soon put away. But this introduction of the Bible into their homes made it easier for their servants to become Christians, and thus the number of converts greatly increased until the Boxer insurrection struck terror into all hearts.

When, however, the people saw that their sovereigns had been driven out of Peking and that Count Waldersee ruled the palace for six months, then the nation wanted to know "whence do foreigners get their power;" and likewise concluding it must be from the Bible, the people have, during the last three years, been buying millions of portions of Scriptures: and as they—the shopkeepers and agriculturists—have not been too proud to ask for teaching, the inhabitants of many towns, where there are no Protestant missionaries residing, have given distant missionaries many facilities for

Western China.

opening preaching halls in their midst, so that every month has witnessed some new congregation of Christians being formed in China.

"A CRUCE EST SALUS."

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